LATEST FROM THE ABODE OF LOVE.

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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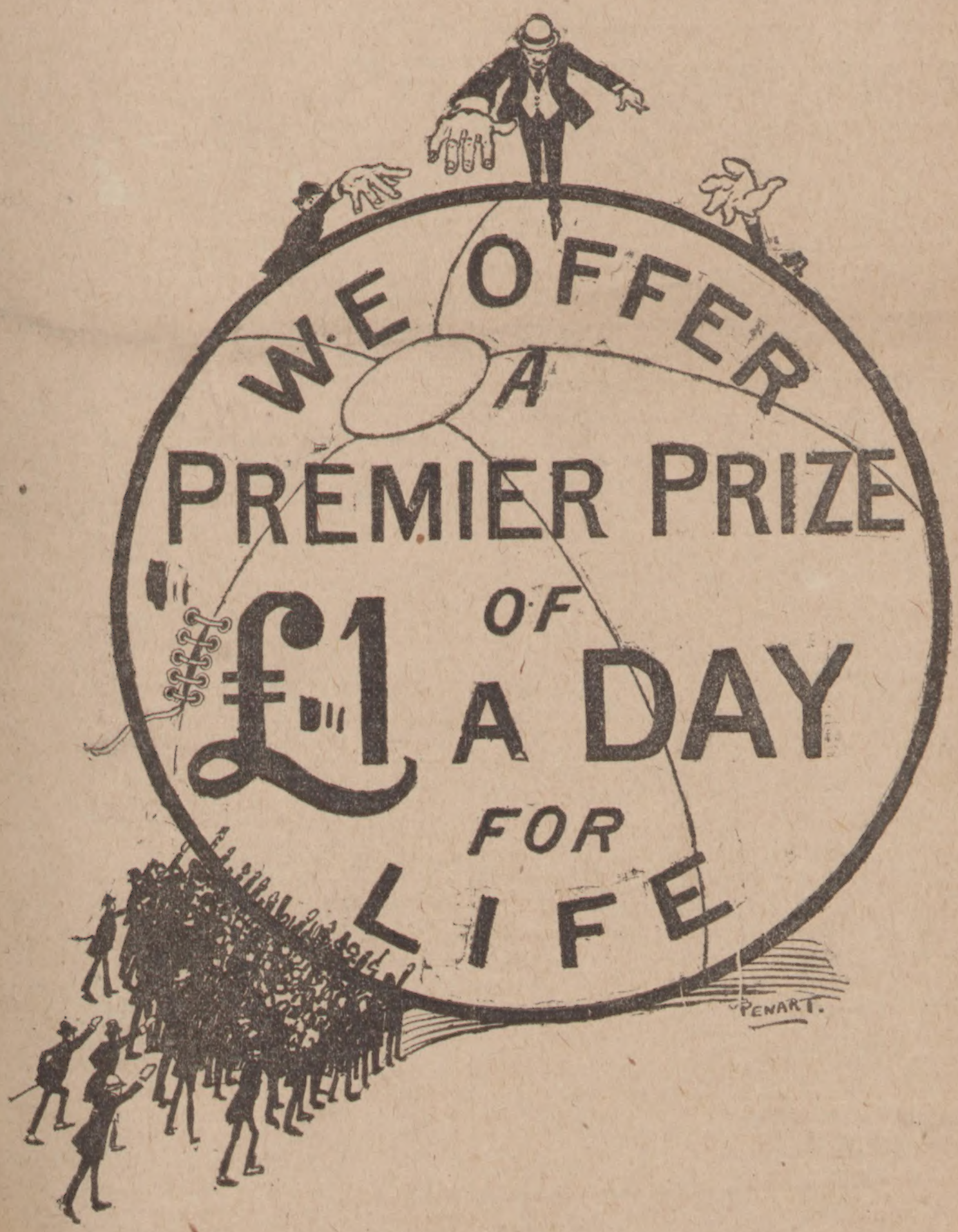

EVERYBODY'S AFTER IT.

Modern Man

No. 228. Week ending March 15. One Penny.

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs and matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

The Editor will also be pleased to consider topical illustrations.

THE AMAZING "PRESENTATION."

The Smyth-Pigotts at the Court of King George.

Strange and curious are the unrecorded incidents of the Courts and Levees—those "unconsidered trifles" of etiquette, personality, and deportment which make each event historic to those who have the honour of being present.

The last Court will long be remembered amongst the debutantes and presentees for a "whisper." It isn't often in these correct days, that a "whisper" of an un-billed incident goes through a Court. But at the last Court, three weeks ago, the King and Queen had scarcely made their appearance before the throne when a whisper went round the assembly that "the Smyth-Pigotts are present!" All eyes scanned the brilliant throng, but on one seemed satisfied, for the Smyth-Pigotts were not identifiable from the rest of the be-feathered, be-trained, and be-flowered matrons and damsels. The incident, therefore, did not fructify, for when Mrs. Smyth-Pigott and Mrs. Bernard Smyth-Pigott were announced to Their Majesties they received the same non-committal smile as the rest of the ladies from the shires, no special recognition whatever being accorded them. Which, in the circumstances, was no doubt very "relieving" to the ladies from Somersetshire, as also to Mr. Smyth-Pigott, who was present, though, of course, he did not have to run the gauntlet of hearing his name announced in stentorian tones to King George and Queen Mary. Needless to say, those ladies who showed most interest in the Smyth-Pigotts cast anxious glances around the throne-room for the appearance of a gentleman in a clerical collar and the black velvet which the parson wears at Court.

* * *

Family Which Boasts Many Aristocratic Strains.

The famous "Messiah" was, of course, not present. The Smyth-Pigotts at Court were, however, his near relations. It is not well known that the "Messiah's" people are an old country family, with very aristocratic blood in their veins. They came over from Ireland, the great-grandson of Sir Robert Pigott purchasing the Manor of Brockley, in Somersetshire, of which manor the present squire is the Lord to this day. This Thomas Pigott was the King's Lord Master of the Wards and Liveries in Ireland, and when that office was abolished he was permitted to retain it for his life on account of his long and faithful services and sufferings for King Charles I. His wife was a daughter of the first [illegible] Poulett, of Hinton St. George, his neighbour, a member the family of which Lord Winchester, sixteenth and present marquess of England, is the head. All the Smyth-Pigotts are the descendants of this favoured couple, and the present Squire of Brockley had for grandmother an Arundel of Wardour, the head of which family is Lord Arundel, twelfth baron, through whom the Smyth-Pigotts can boast strains of the blood of half the families in the Peerage.

* * *

Amazing Record of the Parson of Kingston Seymour.

For two centuries the Smyth-Pigotts have ruled the roost upon four fine estates in Somersetshire. There is generally a parson in the family too, as a couple of snug livings are in their gift, and the Smyth-Pigotts wisely endeavour to keep all the good things "in the family." As clergymen the Smyth-Pigotts are not a success. All the world knows the story of the Spaxton Agapemone, the "soul-brides," and "Glory," "Power" and Joyous." But not many know the story of the Rev. George Smyth-Pigott, the one-time Rector of Kingston-Seymour, one of Squire Smyth-Pigott's family livings. This gentleman was a trite specimen of the evils of the patronage system in the National Church. For many years his interest in his parish was of the most perfunctory description. It was, in fact, nothing short of contempt.

He regarded his parishioners as so many clods of earth unworthy of his consideration. He had lived too long in the parish, perhaps! He succeeded his father in the rectory. His first wife dying, he married his housekeeper at the Registry Office, and quickly set his flock in opposition to him. He made no bones about calling his parishioners "liars," and though he was Rector of the parish he refused to take Holy Communion for years. In the pulpit he used to make faces at the congregation—when there was one which was rare—and his sermons were old ones, which he had preached over and over again, and which he had bought from a dealer in such "literature." The Rector of Kingston Seymour nailed up the organ, so the choir melted away, and the congregation followed, until it was represented by the sexton and a choir-boy, who received the handsome stipend of a penny a week for "speaking after the Rector" and taking round the plate. Altogether, the Smyth-Pigotts are one of the quaintest clans in the untitled aristocracy of England.

* * *

Descendants of the Black Douglas.

How have the mighty fallen! In these degenerate days when the Queensberry family fill such undistinguished rôles it must surely make the Black Douglas turn in his grave as year by year his descendants never fail to bring themselves into the limelight with no end of dirty family linen to be washed. The latest instance is Lord Alfred Douglas calling his father-in-law a liar and a thief, and threatening him to come into the street and "have it out." Not long ago Lord Alfred, in the same spirit of bravado, 'phoned to Charlie Read, the Haymarket bookmaker, to come round to Lincolns Inn Fields and "take a kicking!" And Charlie went. When he got there Lord Alfred was surrounded by his clerks and his lawyer, but without further ado Charlie Read went for Lord Alfred, and had it not been for his bodyguard, Lord Alfred wouldn't have been presentable for a week or two!

In those days Lord Alfred was wont to have his bit on a gee-gee now and then. His transactions were done at White's Club, and whenever he won, his lordship, with a smiling face and energetic step, lost no time in looking in at White's for the cheque! For Lord Alfred it may be said that he was the only one of Oscar Wilde's crew whose friendship stood the test of the fiery grace. Then Lord Alfred took up the *Academy*, and the Wilde exposure having made him reckless, he turned on some of his former cronies with a pen dipped in gall.

* * *

Disadvantages of Being a Younger Son.

Lord Alfred's younger brother is now unknown in England, and for years has been engaged in the task of making the name of Douglas famous in the States. Lord Douglas deserves some sympathy, however. As the youngest of the sons of the late Lord Queensberry he has suffered all his life from the way his elder brother, the present Marquis, messed up the family affairs while Lord Sholto was at sea.

When the late Marquis died, his eldest son, who had been placed in the Navy in the hope of his taking to a respectable life, had already anticipated things to the tune of more than a hundred and six thousand pounds in the way of

SEND IN AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

obit bonds! Needless to say, things didn't look particularly prosperous for Lord Alfred and Lord Sholto by the time their father died in 1900.

* * *

Lord Queensberry's Fruitful City Garden.

The new Lord Queensberry was by this well out of the country. After "going it" for some years in London he found prospecting in back-blocks of Australia much more fascinating than the life of a man about town. Still, he wasn't ignorant of the way to make money, and he knew that gold is picked up much more quickly in a bucket-shop east of St. Paul's than upon the solitary wastes "down under." So he came home with a scheme called the "Lady Loch Gold Mining Company," over which he made a profit of fifteen hundred pounds. This seemed encouraging, so another gold mine bloomed in the City garden. This was Blackett's Mine, Ltd., and in consideration of the name of "The Most Noble the Marquis of Queensberry" on the prospectus the other persons concerned presented his Lordship with a bundle of shares, which Lord Queensberry at once disposed of for a cool "thou."! Lots of other pretty flowers quickly bloomed in this self-same garden, and Lord Queensberry's record as a promoter of gold mining "companies" is one of the queerest in City annals.

* * *

"Lady Sholto Douglas, the Distinguished English Cantatrice."

Lord Sholto was now on his own, and, seeing the hopelessness of things, took a hint from a kindly relation and packed off to a fruit farm in California on the simple-life stunt. Everything went well until Sholto got to New York. It was a wonder he didn't get into a scrape on the boat—but the Captain had been warned. However, Lord Sholto was soon round the stage-doors of New York, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" he had fallen into the arms of one of New York's high kickers, and had made her "Lady Sholto Douglas." But not before the family at home had made strenuous efforts to prevent the marriage, on the ground that Lord Sholto was not quite "all there." That wheeze failed, and so did the marriage, for Loretto Mooney was soon back at Tony Pastor's Theatre, airing her title, as you may be quite sure, for all it was worth. She now appeared as "Lady Douglas, the distinguished English cantatrice."

* * *

How Lord Sholto Disposed of an Interloper.

After his disillusionment Lord Sholto retired to the fruit farm to get out of the set he had got into in New York. For some years Lord Sholto resided during the summer at Sebago Lake, Portland, Maine, and thoroughly enjoyed the outdoor life which is the rule there. He dropped his title, and everybody thereabouts knew him as "Plain Mr. Douglas." Then he went to British Columbia, where he became the victim of a scoundrel who persisted in entering Lord Sholto's homestead without an invitation. Lord Sholto, with the sacredness of "the Englishman's home" well fixed in his constitution, at last warned the interloper that the next time he came uninvited would be the last. And it was! Lord Sholto carried out his threat, and put a bullet through the blackguard the very next time he crossed the Englishman's threshold. And the judges decided that Lord Sholto merely defended his own castle, and quite right too.

* * *

A Curate, a Boy, and a Stick.

To the extent of ten bob, and costs, the Rev. Hubert Allen Grace, of Waddington, near Clitheroe, has stuck himself into trouble with a stick. He says that he saw a choir-boy (of ten years of age) behaving in "a hooligan manner" with other boys, and alleged that these boys had molested his servant girl. Misunderstanding that he had the authority of the boy's parents to thrash him, as an alternative punishment to an appearance before the magistrate, he gave him ten strokes on the naked flesh. If, instead of prosecuting this graceless curate Grace, the boy's father had followed the curate's example and taken the law and another stick into his own hands, and laid the stick about the curate's reverend hide, the curate's punishment would have better fitted the curate's offence.

Dr. Friedmann, the German, who professes to have discovered, in a new serum, an "infallible" cure for consumption, has been taken seriously and literally in New York, where he promised to treat rich and poor without partiality, beginning on the 3rd instant. The news spread quicker and farther than did his subsequent announcement that he would not be ready to time, in ignorance of which sanguine sufferers, some barely able to walk, and some unable to walk without assistance, blocked Fifth Avenue, where there were very painful scenes outside the German physician's offices before the police succeeded in dispersing the crowd.

Without any special reference to this new and particular hope-raising serum, it is a strange and pathetic circumstance that, the word "cure" once breathed, consumptives will believe anything and anybody. Of which are there more in the world—diseases or "infallible" remedies for them?

* * *

Keeps His Hair On.

Mr. Wilkins, a licensed victualler of Burghill, near Hereford, has "got into the papers." His portrait is published, though he has not been snatched from the cemetery gates by a patent medicine. When the Liberals came into office at the end of 1905, he swore a swear that until they went out again the hair of his head should not be cut and the hair of his face should not be shaved. He had lost his head—evidently—but he has kept his word and his hair, for more than seven years. It is now worth nearly a penny to see him. He is a cross between Rip Van Winkle and the wild man of Borneo—if the wild man of Borneo will excuse us for saying so. His beard obscures the front lines of his waist, and his Tory hair is hanging down his back; otherwise, he has quite a sane appearance. If the Conservatives are kept out of power much longer (the Liberals have been "in" for long already—as long as Wilkins's hair), when the time does come for the barbers to get to work on the hirsute one, tenders will have to be invited, and the job done by instalments.

Mr. Wilkins broke out in a similar way once before, winning a wager that he would neither "cut nor shave" till Briton had vanquished Boer in South Africa.

HIS FERVENT GRATITUDE.

Cabby: "Thank the Lord, I ain't so poor as you."

£1 A DAY FOR LIFE IS WHAT WE OFFER YOU.

The naturalisation fee has been reduced from £5 to £3. We are making ourselves too cheap. If the idea is to encourage the alien to become a Briton, why not go the whole hog, and give him a gratuity for becoming "one of us"?

* * *

Home Work for School Children.

A discussion on "Are school-children given too many home lessons to do?" is exciting a good deal of interest. The discussers, in taking it for granted that school children ought to be given some home lessons to do, assume a fallacy. They ought to be given none at all. Home lessons should be abolished *in toto*. Physically and mentally, they are mischievous, and sometimes ruinous. For children, to be at school is to be at work, and we have no right to keep any child at work morning, afternoon and evening. To do so is to keep it at work all the time, for unless it is kept up too late, evening, not night, terminates a child's day. A little one is forbidden to earn a few coppers for its parents "after school," but compelled to keep its immature mind on the rack of study. We are taking too much out of the children. To try to make a child-mind hold too much is to decrease its receptivity. Home lessons are an evil, a wrong, a mistake, and a cruelty.

* * *

Real Purpose of National Service.

What is really in the mind of Lord Roberts, and in the minds of those who are co-operating in the strenuous effort of his old age to establish an effective National Army by compulsory National Service? According to one section of the Press and public, military participation in Continental conflicts is in view. Lord Roberts has never more emphatically disavowed any such intention than in the following letter, addressed by him to a lay reader who was to take part in a Territorial recruiting service at the church of All Saints in Alton, Hampshire. The remarks of the veteran Field Marshal are characteristically direct, forceful and unambiguous:—

> Sir,—I am glad to hear the recruiting week at Alton is to be opened by a service for men, for I think the Church can do much to dissipate the view that there is something wrong and unchristian in preparation for war. To accustom a nation to arms is not to make war more likely but more remote.
>
> At the same time, while preparing for war we must always remember that it is for defence only that our forces should be used, and that wanton aggression is ing more and more to be regarded as an outrage on conscience of mankind.
>
> ROBERTS, F.M.

TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE:—"TRUST THE PEOPLE."

* * *

Spoilt by Success.

How often success spoils a man. When Orville Harro the famous American tenor, was a grocer's assistant ear about thirty shillings a week, he loved and married. was fifteen years ago, and since then the ex-shopman sung himself into fame and fortune.

In the course of his ascending flight, he dropped ou his affections the wife of his humbler days. She has divorced him in an Indiana court, and in the course of hearing of the case he explained things by callously rem ing that "their stations in life had become widely separa

Orville Harrold, the singer, has risen, but he doesn't to have taken Orville Harrold the man up with him, for was a low down sort of observation to make, any Orville Harrold and the sentiments of an American gro man appear to have "become widely separated."

* * *

Water Wealth.

It is mortifying that in so many matters we seem content to lag behind Germany. Our proper rôle is of example setters, not example followers. In spite of and do-nothing Commissions of Inquiry, British remain neglected, though their value as a national has been made immensely greater by the new facilities water motor traction. In Germany, on the contrary, development to the full of existing water ways has not considered a sufficiently complete utilisation of opportu the German Government having been quick to formu designs for the construction of new canals, on a scale only unnecessary but impossible in the smaller provinces Great Britain. German experience is that the profi water-carriage do not represent a loss to the railways, system of transport helps the other. To some extent might be the case here, but one of the most cogent ar ments for the general utilisation and development of wasted waterway facilities is that in those facilities lie mate means of protection from railway extortion.

* * *

Depopulation of the Countryside.

In fitting juxtaposition are two reports from the Countree"—an area which includes some of the best cultural land in England. There are proofs, not signs, the Spring exodus to Canada and Australia and elsew will be a more numerous one than ever. The connec between this fact and newly-published statistics concer the houses and the houselessness of the rural labou classes is intimate and obvious. Health, decency, morality are hopelessly incompatible with existing condi

In the worst of the particulars now given as "news" is nothing with which we have not long made our readers familiar. The state of things which *Modern* has so fully exposed is responsible, in an increasingly measure, for the deplorable fact that England is losing brawn, and muscle at the rate which threatens the col side with depletion. The "flowing tide" of immigratio risen too high. It is carrying away not our superfluit our sufficiency. To stem it, we must turn our attenti its tributaries.

* * *

Gorgeous Theology.

One does not usually look for splashes of colo theology, but in yet another freak religion that has co town there is a rich chromatic suggestion that cann to please.

The followers of the "Prince of the Purple Plume" business, and are to commence operations in Londo mediately after Easter by a short and sharp cam directed to win souls from what is termed the "im judgment."

The "Prince" must not be confounded with "Michael" of the Jezreelites, because the latter is altog drab and uninteresting compared with him of the plume. And also the former has a following of edu persons, while the latter can only claim the allegia the illiterate.

The "purple plume" has a curious significance. lates not only to the gorgeous head-dress worn by the when holding forth, but has a symbolical meaning. cardinal doctrine among these strange folk that rich influence spiritual exaltation, and so their head—han and full of fascinations to the opposite sex—envelope self in the richest coloured raiment when addressi faithful followers.

IF YOU LIKE "MODERN MAN," BECOME A PART OWNER.

The released Mrs. Pankhurst, although understood to be tongue-tied by her own pledge, is not losing her opportunities while out on bail. As a mild specimen of public suffragette oratory, her remarks at Cambridge may be quoted. "The only thing to do," she told her fatuous followers there, "was to make it impossible to govern the country unless women had the vote. Voters must be made to realise that their daily avocations could not be pursued, and their business methods must be absolutely unsettled, until women had the vote."

To-day men are seriously debating whether they should not take the law into their own hands and protect themselves and their property against these senseless, silly, militant suffragettes. *Apropos* of this idea, there is a story going the rounds. We do not vouch for its accurary, but we will call it

The Suffragette's Dilemma.

A man finding a woman gaily smashing up a shop window to the tune of "Votes for Women," promptly grabbed her by the scruff of the neck, laid her over his knee, and slapped her soundly on that portion of the anatomy which has been the centre of the administration of punishment to naughty little boys and naughty little girls from days of yore.

This done he dropped the militant on the ground and fled. The lady law-breaker, with the inconsequence of her sex, immediately sought a protecting policeman and demanded the arrest of "this man." "What man?" asked the constable; and then the stricken one discovered that the striker had disappeared, he had not the manliness to stand his ground.

The officer of law and order made due enquiry as to the offence committed by the absent one, and was informed in full detail (barring, however, any allusion to the broken glass incident). The next point was an accurate description of the man, but the lady stated she had been so agitated that she was unable to give description of height, figure, features or aught else.

Robert considered it a most puzzling and obscure case, and finally made his judicial pronouncement as follows: "Madam," he said, "an unknown man has grievously assaulted you; there were, fortunately, no witnesses of the assault; you are unable to give any description of the man. The only way he can be identified and brought to justice is by his finger-prints, and you had better come with me at once to Scotland Yard and have them photographed." We understand the matter has not been pursued further!

* * *

Women Victims of the Gambling Mania.

The real extent of the West End gambling mania is even yet not generally realised. Within a known and defined area, women of society, many, or most of them, young wives and young spinsters, have now their own special places of resort, from which men are *not* strictly excluded. These places are often crowded by lady occupants who are supposed to be absent from home on all sorts of legitimate and praiseworthy errands. It isn't only money that is lost in the elegant "hells" in the neighbourhood of Bond Street and St. James's Palace. When pretty girls and pretty women owe "debts of honour" to wealthy men, their own dishonour is a frequent and preferred form of payment. The true remedy for the rampant and growing scandal of "Society" gambling is to be found in the direction of the French system, which regulates what we leave unregulated, applies to charity a tax on gambling, and removes the lure of secrecy.

* * *

Possible Injustice to Innocent Men.

A reader, "M.B.," Paddington, writes:—

Whilst not niggardly in my appreciation of the White Slave Traffic Bill—an Act which was passed in the most undoubtedly well-meaning spirit for the abolition of the meanest possible type of human parasite—I consider that it is time to emphasise a very grave danger which some of its provisions may constitute towards perfectly innocent men.

No man of the world needs to be told to what lengths a malicious and wicked woman will proceed in order to injure a person who has incurred her ill-will, and it is in this connection that the White Slave Act may prove a particularly perilous instrument in the hands of perjured females.

It need hardly be pointed out that in the majority of the cases which have come up for judgment under the new Act, the main lines taken up by the prosecution have been examinations as to the means of livelihood of the accused man. Now here is my point.

Take the case of a working man—say, for instance, an unskilled labourer who falls out of work, as such a man often will in these times of industrial unemployment. He has married a woman, let us suppose, of the domestic class. Let us continue our hypothesis, and say that she goes out occasionally and returns with small sums of money, which she declares she has earned by cleaning out offices, or perhaps by borrowing from relations. The unfortunate husband trusts his wife implicitly, and honours her for being, as he supposes, a loyal and willing helpmate. But he discovers after a while, let us suppose, that she has been lying to him, and that she has been obtaining the money by immorality. This is where the danger comes in.

SELF-DENIAL.

* * *

As a clean-living man he is appalled, and he quarrels violently with his wife. What, then, is easier for her, if she be wicked enough, as many hundreds of women are, than to swear a declaration before a magistrate that he, being out of work, wittingly allowed her to support him with small sums earned immorally? And what is harder than for him—although innocent—to prove the contrary.

It cannot be denied that here is a grave peril to unemployed men, and I suggest that provision should be made for such cases in amendments to the Act. And pending these I suggest that such betrayed husbands should seriously consider the advisability of separating from their wives, whether by mutual consent or otherwise.

* * *

Somnambulistic Suicide.

It was suggested at an inquest at Doncaster that a somnambulist had committed suicide (by hanging) during sleep. A doctor said he did not think there was any limit to what a somnambulist might do. He had never known a case of suicide during sleep, but he had read of such cases. Though of very infrequent occurrence, they were possible. Disturbing possibilities are suggested by this theory. If suicide, why not murder and other crimes? And may not cases of supposed murder have been cases of somnambulistic suicide?

* * *

We note the following advertisement: "Why buy foreign pencils?" Presumably to let other nations see that in case of war we are not afraid of their lead.

* * *

Hardships in Factories.

There is a prevalent practice in factories and business establishments which calls for reform. It is that of requiring every employee to contribute to a presentation fund whenever the head of a department makes the plunge matrimonial, or when the employer celebrates his silver or maybe his golden wedding, or when his son and heir comes of age. This kind of thing is all very well where the employee is drawing a substantial salary, but it is a positive hardship in the case of the girl who gets but a few shillings, and is perhaps the main support of an impoverished home.

The head of a department may be the most unpopular person in the place, but, given the occasion, some toady will start the subscription, and woe to the employee who does not subscribe. It will soon be a case of services being no longer required.

And sometimes there is quite a succession of these events. At one large establishment of which the writer has knowledge, the last two months have witnessed the nuptials of three heads of departments, the silver wedding of the "boss," and his eldest son's majority, with their more than adequate recognition on the part of the employees. Five separate presentation funds—lowest subscription in each case, a shilling—with an all but compulsory sweepstake thrown in! Time things were altered, eh?

NOW'S THE TIME TO TEST YOUR FOOTBALL KNOWLEDGE.

LATEST FROM THE ABODE OF LOVE.

"I AM NOT AS OTHER MEN!"

THE SUBLIME AUDACITY OF SMYTH-PIGOTT.

John Hugh Smyth-Pigott, the self-acclaimed "Messiah" of the Abode of Love, has completed his "defence"—the document that he believes will "justify" himself in the eyes of the world. It may be said at once that, from a literary standpoint, the work is exceedingly graceful—that was to be expected from the man whose sermons are a model of charm and eloquence—while from a moral point of view it is cunningly dangerous. And running through the whole is the stupendous attempt at justification contained in the sentence on the first page: "I am not as other men!"

"I am Full of Power."

This extraordinary man has indeed run the gamut of life experiences. He has hauled slacks on a rolling collier, whined on the pavement for coppers at a Salvation Army "testimony" meeting, and, in the interstices, played the part of Curate and head of the Abode.

But nothing that he has passed through appears to have disabused him of the mania that first entered him fifteen years ago. For he tells us that, while a curate at Mildmay Park there came to him one day the "overwhelming thought that I was not as other men; in short, that Divinity was struggling through my Humanity, and at first I was overwhelmed with the weight of this knowledge."

But apparently he plucked up heart of grace, for later he writes: "I now find myself full of extraordinary power—it works in me like wine. I shall doubtless rise high." Now in this sentence may be seen the germ of the blasphemous and daring "Messiah" idea, for at this time of which he writes, Pigott was a pallid curate in the Church of England, although already the "power had worked sufficiently" to cause several ladies to lay their money and other favours at his feet.

"Marriage—What is it?"

His meeting with and seduction of Ruth Annie Preece—the Sister Ruth whose name has been a byword among the righteous for twelve years—is dismissed with light-hearted callousness: "I found that Sister Ruth was my affinity and I 'sealed' myself to her." (Incidentally, it may be mentioned that he stripped her of thirty thousand pounds as well.) As to my 'wife' after the flesh—what is marriage? It is perhaps suitable for the profane (that is, the world), but I and those who have received my spirit have nothing to do with it. Further, I loose the bonds from those who are bound with so-called 'marriage bonds' when they come to me. The only true marriage is that of two souls in harmony."

This doctrine is the same as that preached by Pigott nightly in the Chapel of the Abode, when the seventy and seven brides, attired in white, sit spell-bound beneath his eloquence. For there can be no doubt that this man possesses peculiar and winning charms that a certain type of women—the mystical, and those who are susceptible to ecclesiastical love-making—cannot withstand. That the morals of the Abode are those of the poultry-run does not strike them with such force as it should do, from the fact that they are hypnotized (so far as their judgment is concerned) by the singular mental and physical attractions of this man. And Pigott quite frankly descants upon this fact.

"The Voice of the Charmer."

"After I had passed through the painful process of casting out my old (human) self, and realised that I was a Divine being," he says, "I was no longer a poor, spiritless, nerveless creature. I was literally clothed with power. It shone through my eyes, animated my voice, filled me with irresistible attractions. My voice to my followers was the voice of the charmer. And I received gifts in abundance from both men and women. To me there was nothing strange in this. It was a tribute to the truth that I was not as other men."

Self-hypnotized into a belief that he was a supernatural being (and probably he really has come to believe in his extravagant claim), Pigott did indeed become a highly dangerous man. He radiates a subtle magnetic power that entrances his victims and ensnares them before they realise the danger. There are snares beneath the flowers of his eloquence; seductions attend the vibrations of his expressive voice. And so that company of poor mystics who poured out their hearts under the shadow of the Quantock Hills and hail him as "Messiah" each evening as twilight falls and the silver lamps of the Abode shine out, even though he has robbed them of all—their cash and their good name.

VETERINARY SURGEONS AND HORSE AMBULANCES.

Bearing the signature of four well and widely known London veterinary surgeons, we published last week a letter on the subject of our article on "The Abuse of Horse Ambulance Facilities." That that letter reflected the feeling of veterinary surgeons in general is evidenced by the many succeeding communications we have received in the same sense from other practising members of the College identical in meaning and similar in expression.

The writers of these letters will need no assurance from us that in warning horse-owners "and all whom it may concern" that one vet. had been found out in charging for the use of facilities for which he could not himself have been charged a farthing, we cast no aspersion on the veterinary profession—for many are not to be judged by one, as a flock by a sheep.

To make quite clear the attitude of Our Dumb Friends League towards the owners of injured and incapacitated animals removed from the scene of their accident or sickness in League Ambulances, it may be explained that a subscription is very properly asked for—not of or through any vet. who may have been called into attendance, but direct from the person whose "dumb friend" has benefited. Asking for a subscription is quite a different thing from demanding payment.

It is a pleasing feature of the letters before us that they contain so many indications of appreciation on the part of veterinary surgeons of the humanitarianism of the League in providing these free ambulance facilities.

Mr. Stanley Skelton, M.R.C.V.S., and his co-signatories suggested that we might address a statement to the College. Such a course will not, we think, be necessary. Our remarks have already been resultful. We have reason for our confidence that the practitioner whose "fall from grace" was the subject of those remarks will not offend again. *Modern Man* did not speak in vain. It seldom does.

CAUSE FOR CONGRATULATION.

The Boss: "Mr. Stubpen, when you came in this morning I detected a trace of liquor about your person."
The Bookkeeper: "That's fine, sir! Fine! That shows much better your cold is, sir!"

NEVER MISS AN OPPORTUNITY. SEND FOR "MODERN MAN" SHARE

TABLOID TOPICS.

Some Pithy Pen Points.

If military training becomes compulsory at Cambridge University, a new degree of B.A.—Bachelor of Artillery—may become necessary.

* * *

The Suffragette's war weapons: Bombs and bombast.

* * *

The L.C.C. has adopted the cinematograph as an aid to the teaching of history in schools. Carlyle must have anticipated this scheme when he said that history was the biograph-y of great men.

* * *

Professor Keith says that no one should eat except in an upright posture. Most people are too bent on eating to take up the professor's attitude.

* * *

In the Congo women do all the hard work. Men call it "The Congo free state."

* * *

Picture-palaces are said to be emptying the public-houses. The lass now says to her lover, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

* * *

A bankrupt recently confessed that he has not had a single winner during the 18 years that he had been backing horses. We strongly advise him to keep his eyes on *Modern Man's* turf news in future.

* * *

A proposal has just been made to admit women as Fellows of the Royal Astronomical Society. The musical-comedy stage will no doubt claim the first batch of members.

* * *

"In Europe, women have too many liberties to remain womanly," says the ex-Sultan of Turkey. He might have said that the "Militants" were unwomanly because they take too many liberties.

* * *

A 6ft. 9in. man was fined at the Thames Police Court for being drunk and disorderly. There is no knowing to what lengths some people will go when they have had a drop too much.

* * *

"Make a habit of entering your home with a smile," is the advice given by one of the organisers of the Simple-Life Exhibition. We have tried the latch-key method and have heard of clubmen making the attempt with a cigarette, but to do it with nothing but a smile is not by any means simple.

* * *

From a suburban theatre's poster: "The Glad Eye" with a strong cast.

* * *

"Conversation is a game of give and take, like a game of tennis," says Miss Evelyn March Phillips. Yes, and sometimes a "love" game.

* * *

Mr. Joseph Elgie, F.R.A.S., says the next few years are likely to produce an unusual number of earthquakes. Perhaps because Mr. Lloyd George has threatened to "burst the land" very shortly.

* * *

"I am of opinion," says Lord Ferrer, "that smoking should be allowed in the Houses of Parliament." We recommend the following tobaccos: "Navy Cut" for Winston, "Irish Twist" for Redmond, "Bond of Union" for Carson, "Chairman" for Mr. Lowther, and "Mellow Mixture" for Lloyd George.

FOR GARDEN LOVERS.

The new number of "One and All Gardening, 1913," has just been published by the Agricultural and Horticultural Association. This popular Gardening Annual is the eighteenth of a series which has been successful from its first inception by its present editor, Edward Owen Greening, F.R.H.S., who has seen a million-and-three-quarters copies issued from the press. The Annual consists as usual of 128 pages and neat cover. The articles by many expert writers are varied and interesting, and the illustrations pleasantly numerous. All garden lovers will find something to please and interest them in the Annual.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Theatre Notes and Notions.

To disgracefully revive a respectably dead old chestnut it may be pointed out that "the sun and air" that Mr. Louis Meyer is giving us at the Strand Theatre is distinctly for the good of all our healths.

* * *

With the exception of a little passage in the bedroom scene, which could very easily be cut, Miss Gladys Unger's new play is of positively golden quality, and Miss Ethel Irving (who must shortly vacate her rôle to go into management) with a clever caste convey an uncommonly intelligent interpretation of a type of English county family easily recognisable though fortunately rare.

* * *

Do not leave your seats during that particular entr'acte which Mr. Eric Zardo, the musical director, enlivens with one of the cleverest pianoforte solos I have ever heard.

* * *

Of all the varied missions in life that Mr. Seymour Hicks will fulfil, according to the Daily Press, on his return from the States, the one which informs us that he will appear in the Empire's new revue draws the winning number—the others are bad guesses. The ginger he can put into his acting when he hustles will prove a particularly effective factor for revue.

Winsome George and an Open Window.

The London Opera House is now closed for a month preparatory to the production of its new revue. We all hope that this will prove a stroke of good luck to encourage the efforts of Mr. Ben Nathan and his co-venturers to make this lovely house popular at last.

* * *

Sir George Alexander will produce Mr. A. E. W. Mason's "Open Windows" to-morrow evening. He and Miss Irene Vanbrugh will undertake the chief rôles.

* * *

It is good to note that Their Majesties are becoming regular playgoers. They attended Mr. Geo. Edwardes' "Dancing Mistress" at the Adelphi last Saturday evening.

* * *

The members of the Stock Exchange are being attracted in large numbers, we understand, to watch the merry unfolding and development of American company-promoting tactics as shown in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," the farcical comedy which has "caught on" so unmistakably at the Queen's Theatre.

* * *

The mirror has been seldom held up to nature as it is in this piece by Mr. Hale Hamilton, the best actor that America has sent us for a long time. Every word, every action tells, and the piece is a capital bit of dramatisation, far too good to be missed.

W.R.C.R.

INCREASED PRIZES AND MORE TIME FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

"AT SEA" AT HOME.

Counsel to a Troubled Husband.

When the door of his chamber was thrust open suddenly, and he saw who had called, the eyebrows of Gerald Strathmore, barrister-at-law, sprang high with surprise, and, without getting up, he stared.

"Ted Roche—of all men," he said, with curious slowness.

"Yes, Gerald, and I want your advice as a chum—as a man.

"What I want to know," Roche said with characteristic bluntness and with tremendous agitation, "is this: Is a man right to go on living with his wife if he knows she doesn't love him?"

He waited. It was easy to see that he was suffering, and so unaccustomed to suffering that he could not conceal it.

"Right—legally or morally?" asked the other, after a prolonged pause.

"Morally. Curse the legality of it! It's my wife, Gerald, and it's me she doesn't love. Me!"

He shifted his position till his chin was buried in his hands.

"Oh, Lord!" he said, desperately.

Gerald Strathmore became decisive.

"She's told you that?" he demanded.

A nod. "Cold as a stone. I asked. I forced her to tell me. I could see she was different—horribly different. Only married a year—and this! At first—oh, you don't know, you can't guess what it was! There were never two like us. I've been home three times from my sea voyages, and you should have seen her when she met me. . . It lived like an illuminated painting before me every day of the voyage afterwards."

"It's a mistake," said the barrister presently, "to take too seriously what a woman says. To-morrow she may ——"

"She won't. . . What shall I do? Not about myself—about her? She mustn't go on being made to put up with me. I can't be with her, feeling she hates me. What shall I do?"

"Did she say what she wanted?" Strathmore asked.

"She said I could do what I liked. She would abide by my decision."

"She didn't ask that you would leave her, then?"

"She saw no reason. She said we must put up with it. She said a lot of things. I can't remember them all. I think there was something about other people having to do the same thing, and, besides, I shouldn't be home often. That seemed a relief—to her."

Ted was quiet now.

"You see," he went on, "I can't leave her without anybody. She has no relatives in town, and very few friends. She's in a boarding-house, you know, and, of course, I should go on sending her my pay. But I can't leave her, thinking she will be all by herself. That's the trouble of it, Gerald. I don't know what to do."

"Do nothing man," said the barrister promptly. "See it through this time. Goodness only knows how things will shape. When you're at sea again, as likely as not she'll be praying for your return. You've caught her in an odd mood, a mood that she can't control any more than you. When do you sail?"

"Three days' time."

"How long have you been here?"

"I came yesterday," answered Ted, heavily.

"Then all this has happened to-day?"

"This afternoon. I've been walking about the streets for an hour or two trying to think it out. Then I found myself about here and thought of you. It's been a year or two since we've met, but I remembered your strength, your cold logic, and I felt I could talk it off a bit to you. By the way, Gerald, have you married? This affair's made me forget to be interested in anything. Don't think I'm a selfish, uncaring brute. I'm broken up, somehow, just now. I'm in deep waters . . ." He ceased suddenly, his face lowering.

"No. I've never married," replied his friend, with slow, even articulation. "And I never shall. Let us confine ourselves to your matter. In my judgment you are making a mountain out of a molehill. You know nothing of the sensitive organism of woman which shrinks at hot love-making unless she wishes it herself. You expect to find her in precisely the same frame of mind as you left her. Women are never in the same frame of mind for more than sixty seconds at a stretch. . . In my judgment, there is no need for the theatrical separation from her for ever and amen that your injured feelings are prompting you to. You are as[k] for another three days. Then stay with your wife for [t]ime on the most cordial terms that you can manage bet[w]. It—it takes a bit of understanding."

He looked about for his officer's cap, picked it up [f]the table, and turned to go.

Then, all at once, he wheeled, his eyes flaming.

"But it would be all lies if she loved me," he cried. "All lies."

He dashed his hand across his eyes, and glared like animal at bay.

There was something, too, in the sallow face opposite suggested a hint of cold, pitiless cruelty.

But Ted, simple-hearted, and blinded with agony, [c]not see it. His only reality was that he had needed stimulant and had been given a poison.

"There's a hideous wrong somewhere," he said, God alone knows where."

Gerald Strathmore remained motionless, gazing at closed door. A faint smile curled his lips.

"God—or the other man," he said aloud.

Then he seated himself with slow care, and wiped damp from his forehead.

"By the devil," he muttered, "I thought when he came that he knew."

* * *

Three days later a telegram reached him, reading: fool has gone. Come quickly. Usual time and place.

And it was from Ted Roche's wife.

IMPOSSIBLE!

Customer: "Hi, waiter, this confounded steak has teeth [in] in it."

Waiter: "Oh, dear no, sir. 'Tain't possible, sir. The previ[ous] gent hadn't no teeth, sir."

Amy: Why did Miss Antique discharge her butler?

Mamie: He boasted that he had grown grey in service.

SEND FOR SOME "MODERN MAN" SHARES TO-DAY.

EVERYBODY'S AFTER OUR RECORD FOOTBALL PRIZE.

The Premier Prize of £1 a DAY FOR LIFE

will be awarded to the person sending in all the correct forecasts for the League matches to be played on Saturday, March 29th. Just realise what this means, £7 a week is yours for putting your football skill to the supreme test. Do not fail to compete for this golden pension.

Even if you do not succeed in forecasting all the correct results, we give to the person sending in the coupon which is nearest correct ☞

£1 a week FOR TWO YEARS.

Newsagents' Award 10/- a week FOR TWO YEARS

This magnificent pension will be awarded to the newsagent or bookstall clerk whose name appears on the coupon which is successful in winning the £1 a day for life.

The coupon printed below will also appear in the next two issues dated March 22 and 29. You can

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE

and they must reach our offices not later than first post on Friday, March 28. This competition allows ample time for all to compete, so I hope every one of my readers will take advantage of

THIS OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, March 29th, and for the prize of £1 a day for life you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in the names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £1 a day for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, £1 a week for two years will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, March 29th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to Modern Man, No. 19, Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, March 28th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £1 a day for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £1 a day for life prize will be reduced to one of £1 a week for life.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £1 a week for two years will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 19.

Matches to be played on Saturday, March 29th. Cross out —in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BOLTON WANDERERS	v.	NOTTS COUNTY.
MANCHESTER CITY	v.	WEST BROMWICH ALBION.
SHEFFIELD UNITED	v.	MIDDLESBROUGH.
WOOLWICH ARSENAL	v.	SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.
BRISTOL CITY	v.	BIRMINGHAM.
CLAPTON ORIENT	v.	GRIMSBY TOWN.
GLOSSOP	v.	BURY.
HULL CITY	v.	FULHAM.
LEICESTER FOSSE	v.	BLACKPOOL.
LINCOLN CITY	v.	LEEDS CITY.
NOTTS FOREST	v.	HUDDERSFIELD TOWN.
STOCKPORT COUNTY	v.	WOLVERHAMPTON WAND'ERS.
WATFORD	v.	GILLINGHAM.
COVENTRY CITY	v.	NORTHAMPTON.
BRIGHTON	v.	QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
WEST HAM	v.	BRENTFORD.
EXETER CITY	v.	MILLWALL.
CRYSTAL PALACE	v.	READING.
MERTHYR TOWN	v.	NORWICH CITY.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE	v.	SOUTHAMPTON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

In view of the many thefts from dressing-rooms in a West End theatre lately, ought not the management either to keep a watch on their staff or engage a more vigilant stage-door keeper?

* * *

We are glad to hear that at last the police are contemplating action against certain persons who run bogus medical establishments in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly. These dens masquerading under the medical and nursing professions have been tolerated all too long, and it is high time the massage and manicure, the pine baths and the vapour, were swept away. The profits made by those who "run" the same are incredible, and it is to be noted that in almost all cases the owners are foreigners who have crept penniless into the country through the wide meshes of the Aliens Act.

* * *

A Russian owns three within a stone's throw of Piccadilly Circus, and every day a file of weary starvlings parade the streets with his impudent announcements upon their backs. At one he is "Nurse ——," at another "Madame ——," and so forth. And he thinks himself entitled to grumble if he does not sweep a score of pounds into his pocket each day as the collected proceeds from this trinity of "houses of mystery."

But an order against advertising, coupled with a system of registration and inspection, will soon go far to checking a shameful scandal.

* * *

There is in Bayswater a house that is nightly the scene of the shame of men and women who are as wealthy as they are depraved. This establishment is run by a woman who has what is called a "beauty specialist" place, although very little is attempted there in the art of renewing complexions or brightening the eyes. It is really a decoy to catch men about town who have more money than morals.

* * *

The whole establishment is run upon the most elaborate and luxurious lines. There is a careful system of "pass words" in vogue—such as "New York," "Berlin" and so forth, without which it is impossible to obtain admission.

We can say as a fact that once an officer from the C.I.D. did manage to get in, but he made one fatal mistake that "gave him away." He was immaculately arrayed in evening dress and so forth, but—he forgot to put on a good pair of shoes. His feet betrayed him as a policeman to Madame, and although he stayed some time he saw nothing amiss. Many rich and titled people who have spent some lurid hours in these shadowed chambers of vice have afterwards been subjected to the most unrelenting blackmail.

* * *

Two aristocratic firms of lawyers—one in Arundel Street and the other in Norfolk Street—are busy just now in earnest endeavour (on the one hand) to extricate a lordling from an unpleasant predicament without publicity, while the others are just as busy serving the interests of their client, who happens to be a lady more blessed with a pretty face than education.

* * *

The sprig of the aristocracy is young, but already he has had a chequered career, and has achieved the fame of having been both a co-respondent and a bankrupt. And now it appears that, moved by momentary madness, he has contracted matrimony.

The fair lady until recently was the presiding divinity of one of those luxurious lounges in the West End where "nuts" congregate.

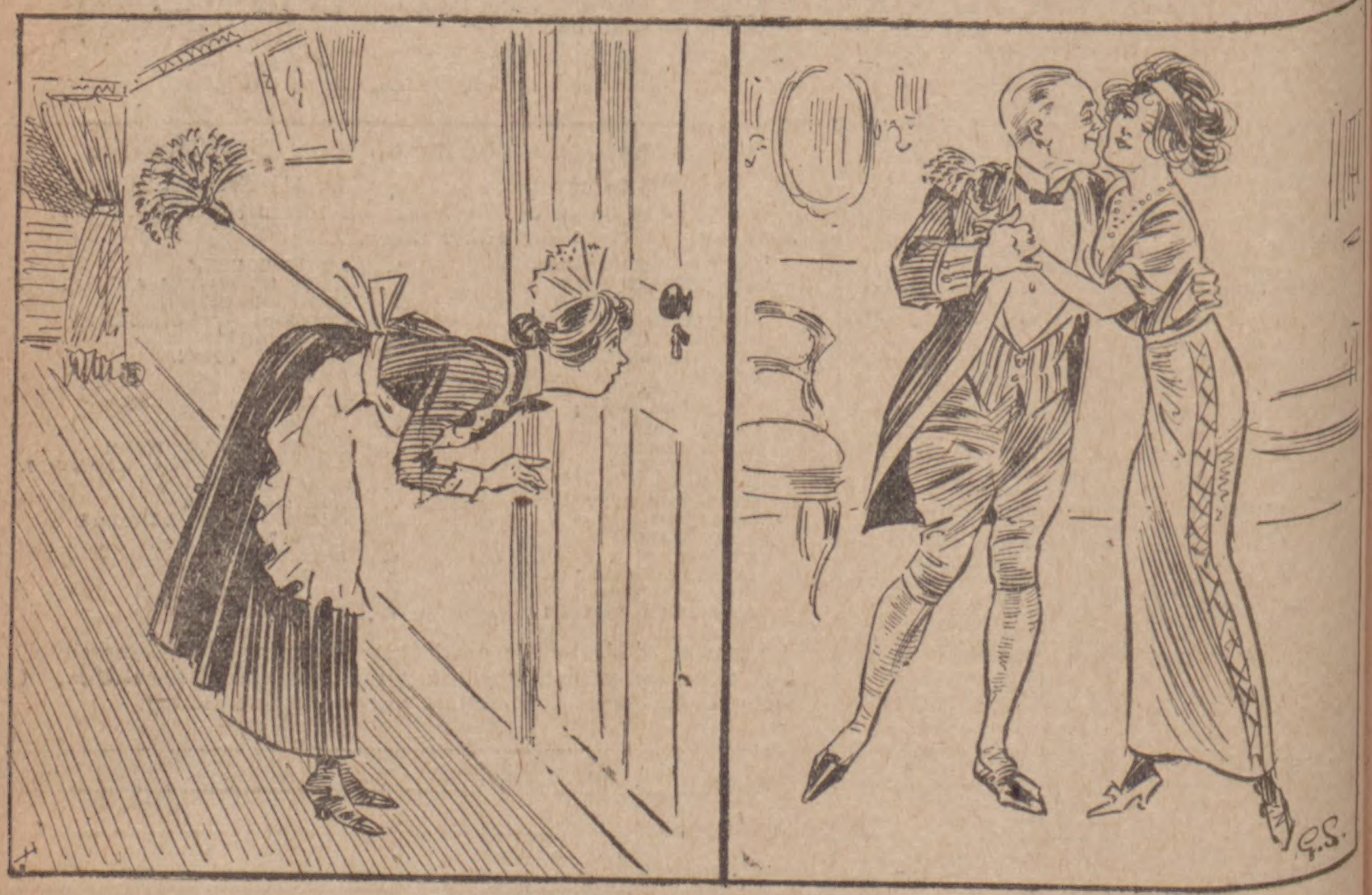
"Avoid publicity" is the watchword of the lordling's father.

* * *

The revolt of women against the restrictions of their sex is seen in its most refined phase by the establishment in London of a very curious and select circle known as the "Society of Free Souls." They meet twice weekly at a house in Hampstead, and while the gathering is composed of women, strangely enough their leader belongs to the sterner sex.

* * *

They are seeking after an ideal, beautiful if impossible, the life of perfect freedom from sham and make-believe. Of course, they term it a war against Conventionality, and their leader holds them entranced while he sets forth the delights of the life free from materialism. But this man, with the vibrating voice and the handsome presence is, perhaps unconsciously, preaching a gospel of sex and sexual things more potently than the poor husbands, seeking solace from cold wives at their clubs, ever did.



DOING THE SERVANT'S WORK.

SEND AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS.

"These Millers are dreadful people—hardly fit to be associated with!"

"Yes; if they didn't give such excellent dinners, they would be altogether unbearable!"—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

* * *

COWARDLY.

The Outlaw: "Blimy, if this ain't luck. Here have I been waitin' all day ter get a punch at 'im; and, after all, he comes along with his bloomin' nurse.

* * *

"My wife says she knows me like a book."

"Well, you don't object to that, do you?"

"I'm not sure. You see, my wife reads terribly trashy literature."—*Washington Star.*

* * *

"I'm sorry to tell you, mum, that I'll be leaving you next week. I'm going to get married."

"That so, Emma? Who is the lucky man?"

"He's a policeman, mum. On this beat, too."

"That's fine! I wish you joy. And what is his name?"

"I don't know yet, mum; but his number is 518."—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

"Papa, mamma says that one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"Well, she shouldn't blame herself, dear. It isn't her fault."—*Houston Post.*

* * *

The young undergraduate was haled before the tutor. He had exceeded his leave of absence by no less than two days.

"Well," said the professor, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"I'm awfuly sorry," replied the undergrad. "I really couldn't get back before. I was detained by most important business."

The professor looked at him sternly. "So you wanted to stay out of gaol, did you?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered the young man, off his guard for the moment. "I wanted to Marconi."—*Minnesota Minnehaha.*

At nine p.m. they were seated at opposite ends of the sofa. At nine-thirty they were slightly nearer each other. At ten o'clock they were three feet apart. At ten-thirty there was scarcely any perceptible space between them. At ten-forty-five there was no perceptible space between them. The young man spoke:

"Has your father gone to bed?"

"Yes, John."

"Has your mother gone to bed?"

"Yes, John."

"Do you think your little brother is under the couch?"

"No, John."

The young man heaved a sigh.

"It's your move, he said.—*Cornell Widow.*

* * *

Stranger: How was it possible for the fire to gain such headway? Only a short time ago the community procured a motor fire-engine.

Native: Well, you know, it wasn't on hand. His honour, the mayor, was just taking an outing in it with his family.—*Fliegende Blaetter* (Munich).

* * *

"John, dear, I'm to be in the amateur theatricals. What would folks say if I should appear in tights?"

"They would probably say that I married you for your money."

* * *

"Use short words; they are the kind to use."

"I know," said the henpecked husband; "and thin words—the kind you can get in edgewise."

* * *

Agnes: What foolish things a young man will do when he's in love!

Ethel: Oh Agnes! I'll bet Jack's proposed!

* * *

"How does your new typewriter do?"

"Well, she leads the simple life in spelling."

* * *

"Alas, kind sir, help me! I am spent."

"Alas, poor man! So's my money."—*Baltimore American.*

* * *

Critical Stranger: "Femme Couchant!"
Cynical Ditto: "Yes! They generally are."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

SEND AT ONCE FOR SOME "MODERN MAN" SHARES.

AMONG THE FOOTBALLERS.

Teams and Their Prospects.

The long-mooted, and I might say, almost inevitable, move on the part of the Arsenal Football Club, if they hoped to continue on their present basis, looks like becoming an accomplished fact at last, and the directors of the club are to be congratulated on having been so bold as to apply for and secure the fine venue they have, especially in face of strong opposition.

That there are some grounds on which the "Spurs" and Clapton Orient are entitled to oppose the move, I think everyone will admit; but, on the other hand, I do not for one moment suppose that the close proximity of the Arsenal will hit either of them to anything like the extent they would have us believe; in fact, it is more than likely that what few supporters they do lose at the beginning of next season will be returning to the old love after satisfying their curiosity as to how the newcomers adapt themselves to their new surroundings.

Enough Support for All.

That there are enough "soccer" enthusiasts north of the river to support all the clubs playing on that side, including the Arsenal, I am fully convinced, and the latter have only to prove their ability to put up a good show to create a "gate" of their own, practically apart from the other people altogether.

We have a full list of League matches to be played this week, and several interesting games are promised. In the First Division, Aston Villa will, of course, account for Notts County, and Bolton Wanderers will in all probability send the "Spurs" away empty-handed. Bradford City will strive hard for points at the expense of Manchester City, and might possibly get both, though if they find themselves compelled to share at the end of the game it will not occasion much surprise. Chelsea may gladden the hearts of Londoners by getting a brace out of Everton, but Woolwich, although playing at home, cannot hope for much at the expense of West Bromwich, and will probably go under as they did last season. It will be a very close thing between Oldham and Sheffield Wednesday, and whilst I should not be greatly surprised to see the Athletic just get home, I should be still less surprised were there no score in the match. Manchester United will probably beat Sunderland, and Newcastle accomplish the same feat against Blackburn.

Exeter's Happy Knack.

As likely home winners in the Second Division, I shall name Burnley, Hull, Leicester Fosse, Notts Forest, and Preston North End. Visiting teams that may win are Birmingham and Barnsley, and what I anticipate will be drawn games are those between Clapton and Huddersfield, Glossop and Leeds.

Not the least interesting match in the Southern League is that between Exeter and Queen's Park Rangers, who have played six drawn games during the past four years, Queen's Park winning the other two by an odd goal, both times on their own ground. Exeter have a happy knack of upsetting the calculations of their visitors at times, but I don't think they will accomplish anything in this direction on this occasion, and shall look for the leaders to add a couple of points to their score. Other winners I shall look for are Bristol Rovers, Crystal Palace, Merthyr, and Brighton.

"Why do you ring a bell every time you get a coin in your cup?"

"I believe in giving the utmost publicity to all contributions," answered the mendicant, with a significant smile.

* * *

Mrs. Brown (from the front porch): Buster! Buster! Oh, Buster!

Little Buster (from around the corner, on third call): Yessum.

Mrs. Brown: Why didn't you answer me when I called you?

Little Buster: 'Cause I never heard you the first two times you called.

MY NOTE BOOK.

IN SEARCH OF GOLD.

On the next page *Modern Man* has pleased to introduce its readers to an Eng man whose success in Canada has won for the heartiest congratulations of all who h him as a young man earning less than fi shillings a week as a gardener in a village in Kent. Mr. Henry Philpott, through his own perseverance, i many thousands of pounds. When the opportunity to m money became apparent to him he did not close his eye opened them the wider and kept them open.

Everybody cannot go to Canada and capture bags of Even if everybody could go, it doesn't follow that at th of so many years the dear home-land could be revisite that satisfied feeling, "Well, I've quite enough f remainder of my life." But there is one thing eve can do without having to go to the trouble of c the ocean—use every endeavour to capture our football prize.

It must be well known to readers by this time, and less appreciated, that more time is allowed for sen coupons; and as regards the prize, well, the prospect o day for life may by some be regarded as being too g be true, but one never knows what one can do until one

I cannot compel every one of my readers to compet I can advise, and this I do very enthusiastically. I want one of my eligible readers to miss the tunity, but determine to profit. As I pointed week, one coupon may do the trick, but it rests the number you send. We do not limit you.

* * *

Those of my readers who have not yet come decision in regard to my Co-operative Scheme sho delay too long. Very often to hesitate is dangerous abridged prospectus will be found in another colu should interest every ambitious reader.

* * *

READER AND "THE HOLY ROLLERS."

"Having seen the account in *Mode* of the 'Holy Rollers' coming to E brings to mind," writes J. M., White "an incident that happened some eigh ago when I was resident in the City of S State of Washington, U.S.A.

"The Leader of the 'Holy Rollers' went about ing women on the same principle as the Mormo took them on pilgrimage from Portland, Oregon, to ington, a distance of about 300 miles, where he w posed to have a promised land for them; but th sorely disappointed in that, as the leader deserted t the most cruel manner possible. Under the prete securing provisions they were left to their own re in a forest miles away from habitation. Many w sufferings of these poor women, who were discover farmer, some time after, in a semi-nude and starv dition.

Among them was a girl aged 16, who had been lure from home and ruined by the leader. Her broth learning of this, swore to be avenged. Having tr leader to Seattle he was not long in finding him and him on the spot, on First Avenue. The brother arrested and charged with murder, but was finally quitted—under the unwritten law.

* * *

AN OPINION ON MOURNING.

Yet another correspondent comes along an opinion on money wasted in mourn "J.L.," Northampton says: "It is, as *Man* said, natural enough to grieve for a one. We are but human, and it is easy to realise that the deceased and dear one is a great better off out of the physical body than in it. But should we display our grief in public? Why should w through the public streets as living advertisements loss? Why, above all, should we force poor little ch into black clothes?

"As anyone who has the most elementary knowle the laws of health can tell you, black is the worst p colour that anyone can wear. It is hot and gloomy; it looks shabby more quickly than any other colour.

"It causes depressing thoughts not only to the wearer, in those who have to associate with him or her. F dren it is the very worst wear possible. Anyone kn how a baby will scream with terror at a black hat.

"No proverb is truer than that "'Custom doth m cowards of us all.'"

YOUR EDITO

"MODERN MAN" SHARES ARE AN ATTRACTIVE SPECULATION

THE MODERN MAN—No. 34: MR. HENRY PHILPOTT.

[illegible] sends its heartiest congratulations to Mr. [illegible], the story of whose romantic rise in life [illegible] interesting reading, and should act as a stimulus [illegible] of ambitious young men. Thirty-one years ago [illegible] now in England for a brief holiday, was a [illegible], earning 12s. a week at Kennington, near [illegible]. He decided to go to Canada, and arrived [illegible] in his pocket. To-day he is worth £25,000, [illegible] accumulating money at the rate of £1,750 [illegible] per cent. interest on his capital.

[illegible] after setting foot on Canadian soil, he [illegible] assistant market gardener. Then, having [illegible] knowledge of this business, he started for [illegible] commenced by hiring plots in order to cultivate [illegible].

[illegible]ess succeeded in a small way, so Mr. Philpott [illegible] to the other side of the river and hired land, because [illegible] nearer to Winnipeg market.

[illegible]at removal helped him to make his fortune, for later it [illegible] destined to become a most valuable property.

For seven years Mr. Philpott cultivated this land, making but slow progress. Eventually he extended his business, and bought some land at a very cheap rate in order to cultivate flowers as well as vegetables for the market.

That land is now Porthege Avenue, Winnipeg, one of the principal thoroughfares of the place and worth many pounds an acre. For twenty years Mr. Philpott continued as a floral culturist, and his business gradually grew as the population of the place extended. He had several splendid offers from people to buy the land he had purchased so cheaply, but he anticipated that the land would be worth more the longer he held it, and though it was five or six years since he received his first offer, it was not until 1896 that he agreed to sell his land and business for £20,000

That was Mr. Philpott's great success. Since then he has speculated wisely in property transactions and has made another £5,000. Curiously enough, he married an Ashford girl, the daughter of a local bootmaker, who emigrated to Canada in the early 'eighties.

Mr. Philpott returns to America in a few weeks' time, and will act as a judge in the New York Flower Show.

A PAGE OF INTEREST TO LADIES

A very useful tip to housewives who strive for economy, and a fact very little known, is the following:—

The whites of eggs may be kept a week in a cool place, so when making dressing, etc., which really require only yolks, place the whites in a bowl. Yolks may also be kept a long time by covering with cold water.

* * *

A CRUSHING VICTORY.—*Judge.*

* * *

Married Flirts Arraigned.

A question has arisen for animated discussion between a man and his wife: The man contends that there is no proof of disloyalty on the part of a husband who admires the opposite sex to such an extent that he indulges in harmless flirtations with them, and even bestows a caress now and then.

He loves his wife no less for such little diversions. The wife thinks no man could really love his wife who conducted himself in this manner. She is confident she could not flirt with other men and indulge in familiarities and still care for her husband.

The husband, of course, argues that man's nature is different from that of woman, and what would be disloyal and undignified in her would be quite harmless on his part.

This is very old-fashioned reasoning and quite out of date.

What is his influence upon the women with whom he indulges in these passing flirtations?

If a single woman or girl permits a married man to be familiar and to pay her attentions and to caress her, surely she must lose her standing among all decent people.

It does not matter how innocent she may be of all wrongdoing; the world has a right to question her modesty, her good sense and her moral nature if she allows a married man to compromise her by his attentions.

If the woman with whom this married Don Juan flirts is another man's wife, the situation is just so much worse, for then there are four people to be considered instead of three. The married man who carries on flirtations with other women harms these women, harms his wife, and harms himself.

Sex attraction is a powerful and beautiful emotion, given to men and women for the greatest and best uses.

The married man who has been arguing with his wife is showing himself to be a very common type of selfish, weak man. Let him try being uncommon, and living a life that will benefit the world and help all women who know him to respect him.

A Clever Ruse.

The new Marquis of Sligo owes his life to a c... an Indian nurse. Separated from her husband w... Indian Mutiny broke out, at Monghyr, his m... Ulick Browne, fled with him, then an infant, to ... lector's house, where a few Englishmen held out ... weeks against hordes of rebels. At length the ... relieved, and the few remaining survivors were ... Calcutta.

The child was found to be missing, and no ... could be found, but eventually it was discover... native nurse had dyed the baby's skin, and so esc... him through the rebel lines to a place of safety.

* * *

Embroidery Cleaning.

Some embroidery is too delicate and fragile t... with soap and water. An effective method of cle... is with French chalk.

The chalk should be heated and sprinkled th... the embroidery, which is then rolled up carefully ... the chalk is inside.

Allow it to stand in a dark place for a week ... and then shake out all the chalk. This will leave ... broidery quite fresh.

* * *

Take Care of Your Feet.

Feet are best kept in condition by shoes ... yield to vanity and get foot-gear that is too sm...

Frequent bathing keeps the feet from being ... swollen, if a little bit of washing soda is di... water.

Pumicestone used frequently, keeps the ski... Never cut the nails too short, as they are more ... become ingrown. File them smooth with sandpap... they will not catch and pull the threads of yo...

And bear in mind that painful feet quickly ... disposition.

* * *

HER LIKENESS.
Gerald (with one of Auntie's Studies): "... you Auntie?"

OUR PENSION SCHEME SHOULD ALSO FASCINATE LADI...

ROYAL AND NOBLE LOVE AFFAIRS.

No. 4:

THE AMAZING STORY OF THE EARL OF KILKENNY'S BROTHER AND THE BEAUTEOUS WIDOW COLEBROOKE—AND OTHERS!

AN ANCIENT FAMILY OF HIGH DEGREE.

...ange and wonderful are the vicissitudes of the British ... There are few old families which cannot boast a ...e romance, but probably there are not many families of ... degree who can count amongst their progenitors such a ... as the Hon. Henry Butler and the Widow Colebrooke, ...ighton.

...ir est... ...ordinary story is recalled at this moment by the ...ce in the Chancery Court of the Right Hon. the ...unt Mountgarret, upon the subject of his late father's will. ...late Lord Mountgarret died last October, leaving an estate ...d at nearly four hundred thousand pounds, and a son, the ...d Viscount, who is the twin-brother of his sister.

...s Lordsh... ...et was extremely generous, and gave away ... money at Harrogate and elsewhere in Yorkshire, ... resided, at Nidd Hall. But as his will provides not ...for his son and for other heirs in tale male, but for about ...special remainders, it is not to be wondered at that the ...has got to appear before the Chancery judges for solution ...o its meaning.

...rd Mountgarret is a member of the great Kilkenny clan of ...Butlers, whose head is the Marquis of Ormonde. As far ...as the year 1550 a son of an Earl of Ormonde was elevated ...he Irish Peerage as "Viscount Mountgarret," and the late ...nt was the fourteenth ... in which ... of his father, the thirteenth Viscount, came into ... subject of this article.

...ile Butler who Became "Earl of Kilkenny."

...genera..., the Mountgarret peers have been good men, if a ...-unistic, and "fond o' the siller," as they say up ... Good marriages have chiefly been the source of their ...wealth. ... One of the Lords Mountgarret was in 1793 ...Earl of Kilkenny." He had been the twelfth ...ountgarret. He was a hopeless imbecile, but that was ...to his being made an earl! This Lord Kilkenny had ...rothers. One was Somerset Richard Butler, who married ...of Lord French's family, and died without issue. The ...nother was the Hon. Henry Butler, who married a Miss ...son, and had a son; and the youngest was Colonel Pierce ..., a respectable magistrate, who married, and also had ...After the death of the Earl of Kilkenny, his brother ...'s eldest son succeeded to the viscounty, and for several ...occupied the family mansion at Ballyconra, in County ...ry, where also resided his mother, and as thirteenth ...unt Mountgarret he played his part with commendable tact ...ability. He was ... by all the other members of the Butler ...of Mount... ...

... the Skeleton in the Cupboard at Ballyconra was revealed.

...t that he was not really Viscount Mountgarret was by no ...e unknown to the Butlers of Kilkenny. The first inkling ...something wrong" occurred in the year 1832. There was ...tion in County Kilkenny, and Colonel Pierce Butler, the ...of the four sons of the eleventh Lord Mountgarret, was ...candidate. Another candidate on the Colonel's side was a ...ker, one Pat. Costello.

...an article upon the candidates, the *Kilkenny Moderator* ...joked that "Pat Costello would, of course, stand cheek ...by jowl with *the heir of Mountgarret.*"

...the editor of the *Kilkenny Moderator* knew it, he ...by that simple observation, smashed open the door of ...skeleton cupboard in the Butler family, and drew up the ...ain upon one of the most amazing romances in the history ...the Peerage. Fiction pales before the story which now

Some sly dog sent a copy of the *Kilkenny Moderator* to the Hon. Henry Butler, the candidate's brother, in Brighton, with the reference to the Colonel as the "heir of Mountgarret" carefully underlined.

Henry Butler had left Kilkenny in disgrace fifty years before, and had never since shown his face in that salubrious county. But, as he was the *third* of the four sons of the eleventh Lord Mountgarret, and as his two elder brothers had no sons, *his* son was obviously heir to the title and estates.

Letter to the "Kilkenny Moderator."

So he at once wrote to his brother in Kilkenny, pointing out that the reference to the Colonel as "the heir of Mountgarret" cast a slur upon his (Henry's) children, and demanding of Colonel Butler that he contradict the foul statement. This the Colonel at once did. And this is what he said to the Editor of the *Kilkenny Moderator*:—

"It is with extreme regret that I have to complain of the insertion of a vile anonymous letter in your paper, in which there is an allusion, for the very basest purposes, of my being 'heir of Mountgarret.' As I take it for granted that you allowed the letter to appear through ignorance of the subject, I beg leave to state unequivocally that I am *not* the heir to the Mountgarret title or property. My eldest brother, the Hon. Henry Butler, and his son, after him, being the real representative of the same. Trusting you will insert, etc."

That statement finally disposed of any doubts about the heirship of the Mountgarret viscounty and the estates. At that time the Earl of Kilkenny, who had been certified to be an incurable lunatic, was under restraint, but in excellent health, and it was not for years that his death finally made it necessary for a new Lord Mountgarret (the Earldom of Kilkenny having died with its only possessor) to take up his residence at Ballyconra. When that event occurred, Henry Butler was dead, and his son duly entered into possession at Ballyconra, with his mother, as already stated.

Hon. Henry Butler's Strange Life Story."

His mother had been a Miss Harrison, daughter of an important family, whose residence, Newton House, was let to a Duke of Cleveland, during which time the Harrisons had gone to live at Brighton, and it was while they were at that fashionable watering-place that the Hon. Henry Butler had fallen in love with her, and married her at the Parish Church at Brighton, on September 3rd, 1811, Sir John Lowther giving the bride away.

There was, therefore, no sort of doubt about the marriage of the new Lord Mountgarret's parents at Brighton, and the young Viscount was welcomed by all the Butlers of Ormonde upon taking up his residence upon his patrimonial acres in Kilkenny.

But some years after, an action involving his title to the property was begun by his first cousin, the eldest son of Colonel Pierce Butler, and a strange narrative of the life of his Lordship's father, Henry Butler, was unfolded. The Hon. Henry Butler had always been the *enfant prodigue* of his family.

Like all his brothers, he had received ten thousand pounds from their father, but before he was out of his teens he had "blown the lot." A very handsome youth, he had seduced the wife of Colonel Barrington, a magnate in the neighbouring county, and to save his neck, had escaped to London. He never again showed his face in Kilkenny. At that time the Regent was holding high revel at Brighton, and there Henry Butler soon found himself, ready for any escapade that afforded opportunity for his natural bent for devilment.

And opportunities were not wanting. The prettiest woman in Brighton at that day was a Mrs. Colebrooke, the widow of a Colonel, who had left her a jointure of £1,500, with five hundred pounds a year, with another five hundred a year for the

£7 A WEEK FOR LIFE FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS. SEND NOW.

education of his two daughters. Mrs. Colebrooke was, therefore, fair game for Henry Butler's peculiar genius.

Henry had first to break with the old love, Mrs. Barrington, who had eloped to England with him, and this he did at once, the poor deluded lady (whose husband was eventually created a Baronet) being no match for the scamp who had betrayed her. So she was cast off, and she died in a London slum of a broken heart not long after.

Henry Butler's Scottish Marriage with the Widow Colebrooke.

Henry Butler was a crafty rogue, and while he wanted the Widow Colebrooke's money, and was determined to marry her, to do so would have been the ruin of both himself and the widow, for the whole of her income was subject to Mrs. Colebrooke's never marrying again.

So for a time the widow and her beau were compelled to keep their illicit love as secret as possible. But the appearance of a child soon made secrecy impossible, and so the widow came to London, and for a year and three months she resided in small lodgings in Sloane Lane.

All her affairs were managed by a confidential servant, Sarah Stride, whom Mrs. Colebrooke had reared from infancy. In 1809 the child (a girl) died, and Mrs. Colebrooke was once again free to gratify her whims of love, and they, it may be remarked, were of no ordinary kind. So she sent for the Hon. Henry Butler from Brighton.

This time the scandal was too hot for anything, and as Henry Butler was determined that she should be his wife—while the scoundrel secretly plotted to arrange such a marriage as he could deny if it was expedient!—the amorous couple went off to Edinburgh, and Mrs. Colebrooke soon became the Queen of Society in the Scottish capital.

Her beauty was even more marked in Edinburgh than in Brighton, for Edinburgh was never famous for its beautiful women, and Mrs. Colebrooke was a beauty of the gleaming and vivacious type.

The Beauteous Widow Begins a Fresh Liaison in Edinburgh.

About the year 1810 the *Edinburgh Review* was at the zenith of its good fortune. Amongst the literary lights who wrote for the journal and who composed the literary society of Edinburgh were Sir Walter Scott, Jeffries, Lord Brougham, and Dugald Stewart.

Amongst the young men of fortune whom the literary glories of the *Review* brought to Edinburgh was John Taffe, a young gentleman from County Louth, with a property worth five or six thousand pounds a year. John Taffe believed himself a *litterateur*, and the appearance of Mrs. Colebrooke in Edinburgh Society spontaneously tingled every chord in his neurotic frame.

To John Taffe, the charming widow from Brighton, with her stories of the jolly days of the Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert (for the widow knew them both quite well) was as the advent of a goddess, whose appearance transformed a dull world into an arcadia of love. And as soon as the widow discovered the extent of the young scribbler's "possibilities," she introduced him to her home.

For the nonce, Henry Butler was forgotten in the widow's new-found love. But not for long!

Neglected Lover Smashes the Widow's Windows.

One day a little bird whispered news of the goings-on of the Widow Colebrooke to Henry Butler, and, frightened at the prospect of losing both the widow and her money, he went off in high dudgeon to Scotland, and arrived, burning with Irish indignation, and ready for any mischief. He went at once to Mrs. Colebrooke's residence, where John Taffe at that moment was staying with the widow, and he was of course refused admission.

Whether the aforesaid little bird accompanied Henry to the Northern capital, and admonished him of the very hour of the Widow Colebrooke's *liason* with John Taffe, we know not, but Henry Butler must have got wind of the position, for he [illegible] the widow's house, and refused to leave the street until the widow had come out and acknowledged herself as his wife before all the world.

By this time there was a crowd of gaping Scots round the injured lover, and eventually Mrs. Colebrooke, having locked John Taffe in her bedroom, came downstairs, and before the crowd, made admission that she was "The Honourable Mrs. Henry Butler."

Neither of the parties cared a rap about the question of the marriage at that moment, and both would have given their souls later on to have gone back upon it—especially as the child whom it was hoped to legitimise was born dead!—but the declaration had a terrible effect forty or fifty years later, and the sins of Henry Butler were visited upon his son, the erstwhile Viscount Mountgarret, with dire vengeance.

By this open declaration of their position as man and wife, Mrs. Colebrooke, of course, lost her income, and after a time spent in obscure places in Scotland, the wretched couple parted,

(*Continued on next page.*)

A copy of this Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock

BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation)

Share Capital - £25,000

Issue of 460,000 Ten Per Cent. Participating Ordinary Shares for Subscription at par. Payable in full.
1/- per Share on Application.

The Participating Ordinary Shares now being issued will be entitled to a fixed dividend of 10 per cent. per annum, and this dividend is cumulative both as to capital and dividend in priority to the Deferred Shares. After the payment of the Ordinary Dividend of 10 per cent. on the Participating Ordinary Shares, one-half of the remaining profits of the Company will be equally distributed between the Participating Ordinary Shareholders and the Deferred Shareholders. It is intended to pay dividends half-yearly on the 1st March and 1st September, the first dividend in respect of the half-year to June 30th will be payable on September 1st, 1913, and will be calculated from the due date on which the shares were applied for.

DIRECTORS.

CARY GODFRY BOWERMAN, Esq., Chairman and Managing Director, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

GEORGE BOWERMAN, Esq., Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. (Advertisement Director).

G. DAVID MAGIN, Esq., Sunnyholme, Devonshire Road, [illegible] (Circulation Manager).

BANKERS.

PARR'S BANK, Limited, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

JOHN BARRINGTON & CO., 45, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

SECRETARY & REGISTERED OFFICES.

Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The chief object of the present issue is to [illegible] the benefit of giving the readers, newsagents, and others connected with the paper an opportunity of acquiring a proprietary interest, and thereby sharing the progress of the papers as well as of sharing in the profits.

"MODERN MAN" has been established over four years, and the increase in circulation in the past six months clearly shows how highly the public appreciate the many improvements that have been made in the paper. The circulation for the month of December, 1912, showed an increase of 49,799 copies over the month of June, 1912.

A large proportion of the new Capital will be expended in advertising our papers, and to this means the Directors believe they can increase the circulation of "MODERN MAN" by another 50,000 copies per week, and "BOWERMAN'S" by another 50,000 copies per issue. This extra circulation will bring much greater advertisement revenue into the Company.

The following is an estimate of the profits which should result from the additional circulation and advertisements to the Company:—

Profits from extra circulation on the basis of the present cost of printing and paper	£6,[illegible] 0 0
	4,500 0 0
From extra advertisement revenue	£10,[illegible] 0 0
	1,000 0 0
Less additional offices expenses and commissions	[illegible]
The amount required to pay 10 per cent. on 460,000 Ordinary Shares now to be issued	£2,300 0 0
The amount agreed to be paid on the Deferred Shares	500 0 0
Leaving the sum of	[illegible]

WHICH WOULD BE MORE THAN SUFFICIENT TO PAY A DIVIDEND OF TEN PER CENT. ON THE ORDINARY SHARES AND A SIMILAR AMOUNT TO THE DEFERRED SHARES AND £2,000 FOR RESERVE.

Applications for shares should be made at once on the Form below, and forwarded to the Secretary of the Company, together with remittance for the full amount of the shares applied for. Not less than five shares will be allotted to any one person.

Cheques should be made payable to Bowerman's Press, Limited. If in any case the number of shares allotted be less than the number applied for, the surplus will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Dated January 24th, 1913.

BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act

Form of Application for Shares

To the Directors of BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,

I enclose herewith the sum of £..... being payment in full for .... 10 per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares of 1s. each in the above Company. I agree and request you to allot to me that number of shares, and I undertake to accept the same or any less number which may be allotted to me on the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members of the Company as the holder of such shares allotted to me.

Name in full .....

Mr., Mrs., or Miss .....

Address .....

Description .....

Usual Signature .....

Date .....

SEND IN AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE

utler, as she now was, eloping with John Taffe upon a smack, which set them down at Whitby for London.

ow Colebrooke's Bigamous Marriage with John Taffe.

London the Hon. Mrs. Henry Butler cohabited with John for a long time, and meanwhile Henry Butler had drifted arrogate, where he put up at an establishment where he be likely to meet ladies on the look-out for handsome ds. In this quest Henry was successful.
the boarding-house, was staying the Harrisons, and after t time, a marriage was arranged between Henry and Miss son, which, as already shown, took place at Brighton in Miss H[illegible] was honourably told about her husband's [illegible]e Widow Colebrooke at Brighton, and on being [illegible]fact, he wisely admitted it, but swore that he ver married to the widow.
to make doubt sure, the Harrisons wrote to Mrs. Cole- in Edinburgh, and she replied that "legally she had im upon the Hon. Henry Butler." Mrs. Colebrooke was living with John Taffe, but soon after, when Taffe's father, ng Roman Catholic, heard that his silly son intended Mrs. Butler, he succeeded in luring John away from idow.

adventuress followed John Taffe to Ireland, waylaid him fast, and persuaded him to return to England. This the ool did, and as soon as Mrs. Butler got him as far as n, she took him to a priest and they were married. n "Mrs. Taffe" made a fatal mistake. Whether it was overty compelled a return to a frugal sphere—for John father immediately disinherited his son upon hearing marriage!—or whether it was the hope of once more being ed in Edinburgh Society, it is impossible to say, but and Mrs. John Taffe" went back to Scotland, where they own to have frequently contemplated mutual suicide, and ally they found themselves in Edinburgh.

e Finds Out Why He was Locked in the Widow's Room.

was the last place they should have gone to, for, strange , it was not till that trip that John Taffe learnt that night of Henry Butler's arrival from England whilst he Taffe) was kicking his toes against the door of Mrs. rooke's bedroom, downstairs she was publicly avowing to be Henry Butler's wife.
John Taffe had by now had a thorough sickener of the Colebrooke, he was really glad to find out that he was mist, and when he discovered some papers which put the age of Henry Butler and the widow beyond doubt, he iately availed himself of his freedom, disappeared into and was never seen again!
Widow Colebrooke was now in a sorry plight. She was led by John Taffe; her lawful (Scottish) husband, the Hon. Butler, had married "in Society"; she had lost all her and she was an outcast from every house where in days she had been a Society queen.
her distress she appealed to the Scottish Courts for a ation of conjugal rights against John Taffe, who, how- ed the appeal, alleging the marriage of "Mrs. with Henry Butler. In this Taffe was successful. At time, however, Henry Butler by Miss Harrison had no en, but, in any case, the rejection of Mrs. Taffe's appeal Scottish Courts must have made it apparent to Henry and his wife that legally they were not man and wife. children were ultimately born of their union, and it eldest of them who eventually succeeded to the Bally- estates as thirteenth Viscount Mountgarret. It was not year 1854 that his title was disputed by Mr. Somerset who was the eldest son of that Colonel Butler who had ly denied in the *Kilkenny Moderator* that he was "heir ountgarret."

at People of Kilkenny say to-day.

case on behalf of Mr. Somerset Butler was fought at Kilkenny Assizes in 1854, Sir Charles Ball, the Judge, ng that Henry Butler's Scottish marriage with the Widow ooke made his children by the Hon. Mrs. Henry Butler Harrison) including the reigning Viscount Mountgarret, timate. So Colonel Pierce Butler's son became for a time hirteenth Viscount Mountgarret, and for a year occupied position.
appeal to a higher court, however, the Scottish marriage d, and Henry Butler's son was restored to the Viscounty the Ballyconra estates—worth about £10,000 a year!—and le was afterwards confirmed by the House of Lords.
married a Miss Rawson, only daughter of Mr. Rawson, ld Hall, Yorkshire, and the fourteenth Viscount, whose is the subject of the present litigation, was their son. But his day the people of Kilkenny say that the present owners Ballyconra are "usurpers."

ANOTHER AMAZING STORY WILL BE GIVEN NEXT WEEK.
ORDER YOUR "MODERN MAN" EARLY AND AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.

COMMENT ALLEZ-VOUS?
HOW ARE YOU?

Do you realise that, simply by reading Hugo's announcement so far, you have already learned a little French?

We now ask you to spare us two minutes of your time to convince you of the vital necessity of French, German, and Spanish, to every man—and woman—in the world of business, and of the extreme usefulness of these languages even to those who are not so engaged.

In every highly paid business appointment, a knowledge of one, at least, of the above languages is an enormous advantage; and fluent speakers and efficient readers of them are eagerly snapped up by employers over the heads of less linguistically equipped applicants. Apart from business, too, French is the language of polite letters and diplomacy, and German that of many branches of scientific research. The man or woman of the world cannot afford to be ignorant of them.

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SECURE SOME "MODERN MAN" SHARES WITHOUT DELAY.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND.

How to Become One.

The Simple Life Exhibition, which opens at Caxton Hall next month, is going to set a new fashion in husbands. Instead of the present-day carnivorous, irritable, selfish specimen of intoxicated humanity, the married man is going to be a nut and porridge object lesson to the world at large.

A competition is in preparation for the Domestic Tact Championship of the World. All men will be eligible, married or single, with or without experience in either capacity. A charming young actress (unmarried) will be the judge and model "wives" will be provided free of charge to all bona-fide competitors. Proficiency in the science and art of wife-treatment will be decided by two simple tests, namely:—

1. Saying and doing the right thing when returning home late after playing 500-up at the club.

2. Restraining your favourite flow of language when you are kept waiting more than twenty minutes for dinner.

Already schools for husbands have been instituted all over the country, and the supply of ideal specimens threatens to become even greater than the demand. Nevertheless, a little advice to prospective candidates might not be out of place here.

Hints to Single Men.

As in all things, practice makes perfect. You have a distinct advantage over the married man—he has only one wife (usually) to practice on; you have—well, perhaps we had better not be too personal.

Watch the married man and observe closely the expression he wears in public—not houses. The real test of a married man is his behaviour when he is away from home. He is his true self then and has to rely upon his own resources to be agreeable. He has no wife to lean on—only the counter.

Bachelors, of course, only see one side of a character and her ankle, and so when [illegible] her (outside the restaurant) they invariably do the thing. Remember that offering a barmaid the "g is a different process entirely from greeting your a smile. A married man's smile needs cultivati

Advice to Married Men.

Don't tell your wife that you are visiting the You won't get half the enjoyment out of it, and yo of winning a prize are very remote if your offen catches you being too loving to the "model."

If not too great a strain on your memory, act you were single once more. Don't do anything are accustomed to do at home; it's certain to Remember, married men don't always make husbands.

The whole secret of managing a wife is to know do and how to do it—the rest is easy. Coercion militancy is a mistake Don't be nervous. If you courage to leave your wife at home, you ought to enough to smile at a pretty girl.

The following examples of polite conversation you in meeting most contingencies that are likely in the course of your examination:—

AT HOME.

"Detained at the club, of course. How on earth could I help it?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, hurry up, woman! I've been waiting here the last half-hour for you."

"Why the deuce don't you get some buttons down the front?"

"Good gracious! You're always nagging and talking. Shut up for a moment while I finish this writing."

"[illegible] bought you one three months ago. D'you think I'm made of money?"

AT THE EXHIB

"I'm so glad, dear earlier than I exp couldn't keep out pany any longer."

"Don't hurry, dar plenty of time. Can in any way, dear?"

"Oh, don't mention pleasure, I assure you

"Of course I don talking, dear, inspires me."

[illegible] dear, that's I think it'll just time you had a new

DON'T BUY RUBBISH

Sweet Peas are requisite to the small, medium, or large garden, and if you have colour, effect, fine specimens, and tall plants, then send to Eckford seeds. **Larger flowers, longer stems, brighter colours, and a profusion of will be the result of growing Eckford's seeds.**

In choosing your Collection remember that **Eckford's Sweet Peas** are **growers**, and every plant needs to be placed at least six inches apart, so that, while you may buy more for the money, remember, a cheaper collection may not be more profitable. There is a great **Rubbish** being sold nowadays as **Eckford's Sweet Peas**, but they are not **Eckford's** unless direct from Wem. have bought Sweet Peas as **Eckford's** elsewhere, you have not got **Eckford's**. We have **many thousands of tomers in every part of the globe**, and they are all enthusiastic about **Eckford's Seeds.**

SPECIAL COLLECTION FOR 1913.

EXHIBITORS' "D" COLLECTION.
12 Charming GIANT WAVED VARIETIES, splendid for exhibition or any purpose, 10 seeds of each, as follows:—
Asta Ohn, lavender. **Countess Spencer**, [illegible]. **Dodwell F. Browne**, crimson. **Dorothy Tennant** (Waved), mauve. **Etta Dyke**, [illegible]. **Evelyn Hemus**, creamy pink. **Flora Norton** (Waved), blue. **Mrs. W. King**, [illegible]. **Mrs. Hardcastle Skyes**, pink. **Mrs. Henry Bell**, apricot. **Othello** (Waved), maroon. **Paradise Ivory**, ivory pink. Also 10 seeds of each of [illegible] and HELEN LEWIS, salmon. Gratis.
PRICE 2/6, POST FREE FOR CASH.

VILLA "C" COLLECTION.
12 choice varieties, suitable for garden effect and cutting, 50 seeds of each, as follows:—
Agnes Eckford, pink. **A. J. Cook** (slightly Waved), lavender. **Black Knight**, maroon. **Dorothy Eckford**, white. **Frank Dolby** (slightly Waved), lavender. **Helen Lewis** (Waved), salmon. **Henry Eckford**, coral. **Lord Nelson**, blue. **Mrs. Collier**, pale primrose. **Phenomenal** (slightly Waved), blue picotee edge. **Pink Pearl** (slightly Waved), pink. **Queen Alexandra**, scarlet.
Also 5 seeds of each of **Countess Spencer** (Waved), pink; and **Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes** (Waved), pink. Gratis.
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VILLA "D" COLLECTION.
12 choice varieties. The same as the **Villa "C"** exactly, only 25 seeds of each. Also 5 seeds of each of **Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes** (Waved), pink; and **Countess Spencer** (Waved), pink. Gratis. **Price 1/6.**

VILLA "B" COLLECTION.
24 choice varieties, a splendid range of colour for garden effect and cutting, 50 seeds of each, as follows:—
Agnes Eckford, pink. **A. J. Cook** (slightly Waved) lavender. **Black Knight**, maroon. **Captain of the Blues**, blue. **Dorothy Eckford**, white. **Frank Dolby** (slightly Waved), lavender. **Gladys Unwin** (slightly Waved), pink. **Helen Lewis** (Waved), salmon. **Mrs. Charles Mander** (Waved), mauve. **Phenomenal** (slightly Waved), blue picotee edge. **Miss Willmott**, salmon. **Pink Pearl** (slightly Waved) pink. **Helen Pierce**, blue flake. **Henry Eckford**, coral. **Horace Wright**, dark blue. **James Grieve**, crimson. **King Edward VII.**, crimson. **Lord Nelson**, blue. **Luminosa**, coral. **Mid Blue**, blue. **Queen Alexandra**, scarlet. **Queen of Spain**, pink. **Sybil Eckford**, creamy blue. **Venus Improved**, cream.
Also 10 seeds of each of **Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes** (Waved) pink; and **Countess Spencer** (Waved), pink. Gratis.
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A BALANCE EXERCISE.

Balance is the chief feature of the exercise I put before you this week.

The only apparatus required is a strong wooden-seated chair.

Stand on this, and, by bending the knees forward (not outwards or sideways), sink upon the heels.

Now shift the entire weight on to the right foot, and when you have regained your balance slowly straighten out the left leg until you assume the position shown in the sketch.

Remain thus until the strain forces you to return the left foot to the seat chair. Then rest a moment, without rising to the [illegible] and repeat the movement with the right leg [illegible].

[illegible] exercise has the advantage that both legs are being exercised at the same time, but in a different manner. [illegible], so far as the leg raised is concerned, is mainly [illegible] muscles of the thigh, while the other leg is occupied [illegible] balance, and thus every muscle is brought [illegible] and the ankle and knee-joints are also fully [illegible].

Right Kind of Muscle.

[illegible] have your muscles large, but you also want [illegible] when they are in repose.

[illegible] muscle remains more or less hard even when [illegible], and it is not the healthy or useful type of [illegible]. It comes as the result of a wrong method of [illegible].

[illegible] is produced by overstraining when [illegible] the cultivator being too anxious to secure quick [illegible].

[illegible] will grow and will consist of the right texture [illegible] stop each exercise when you begin to feel fatigue.

Advice on Worrying.

[illegible] not the slightest doubt that many men make [illegible] by worrying. With some it becomes a habit, [illegible] worry about anything—or nothing at all.

[illegible] on [illegible] a man's digestion, and a man whose [illegible] can never be in health until it is set [illegible].

[illegible] whole nervous system suffers from it, and [illegible] of mental and physical phenomena is closer [illegible] be imagined.

[illegible] possible to avoid worry altogether, but if you pull [illegible] whenever you feel the tendency to worry coming [illegible] your constitution a chance.

CYCLE MEMS.

In many large towns central standards are placed in the streets partly for convenience and partly, presumably, in order to secure the better regulation of traffic.

Now, whilst they may serve their purpose as regards four-wheeled vehicles [illegible] *Motor Cycling* says, certainly both a hindrance, [illegible] es, a source of danger to motor cyclists. [illegible] this is the case when tram lines are laid on each [illegible] sides. A motor cyclist may easily be [illegible] a tram and a standard, or else he may be [illegible] ted with one of these giant sentinels of the [illegible] emerging out from behind a tram in an attempt [illegible]. Sometimes, in order to avoid an accident, he [illegible] round the standard, an act apparently which is [illegible] nce.

[illegible] several riders who have been prosecuted in [illegible] the offence, not on the grounds of it being [illegible] outside a central standard, but for driving to [illegible] danger. The question is an interesting one, [illegible] be worth the offender's while to take a legal [illegible].

A good story is told of two Scottish motor cyclists who had been out to a dinner, and did not start for home till about midnight.

Their side-car machine refused to go, however, and sundry adjustments were made to the clutch, while a sympathetic crowd did a great deal of pushing, but all without effect.

At last the motor cyclists gave it up, and walked home, where they arrived about five in the morning. It has since transpired that, although the engine was in fine order, the drivers had failed, in the dark, to observe that there was no belt on the machine!

* * *

In some of the large cities of the United States the use of acetylene headlights is not permitted.

* * *

There is nothing like a few hours rain for testing the quality of gloves, and I can sympathise with my correspondent who complains that, although he has paid a stiff price for his, after a good soaking they have dried quite hard. I have experienced the same thing, but found satisfaction in a pair of horse skin ones, which have given good service for some time. Another good material, but costlier, is moleskin.

HEIGHT INCREASED

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in this month's "YOUNG MAN" says of "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture":—"The course of training has been carefully devised on scientific principles, and the lessons strike me as the fruit of large experience and practical good sense."

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STOCKS AND SHARE

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The Stock Exchange at last looks like having a better time, and I candidly think the moment is ripe for the public to now take a hand in speculative as well as investment enterprises.

* * *

All markets have been well battered down, and whether it be among Home Rails, Americans, Mines, Rubber, or Oils you cannot go far wrong in your purchases.

* * *

Any amount of good Railway or Industrial investments will now show a yield of 5 per cent. or more, and speculative counters can easily jump two or three points.

* * *

There are two or three rare opportunities among Home Rails for the speculator, the principal being Great Central B Stock, which is an extremely attractive lockup or speculative pickup for another point or two rise.

* * *

Great Northern Deferred at 51½ shows a yield of over 5 per cent., and with the line doing well the stock is dirt cheap. South Eastern Deferred also stand at the attractively low figure of 63¼, and as the stock was as high as 69 only a month or two ago there are clearly possibilities here for a sure two or three point gain.

* * *

Another line with excellent prospects is the Metropolitan District Railway, and a purchase of the Ordinary Stock at about 39 will give you a sure opportunity of selling again in the next two months at about £41 to £42.

* * *

Americans which have been marking time, awaiting the inaugural speech of President Wilson, now show most decided signs of greater activity, and prices all round look like going higher.

* * *

My little favourites, Eries, long known as a speculative stock, is extremely cheap at about 29 dollars. Last week, when I advised my readers to buy the price was 27¼, but the stock is well worth purchasing for a further two or three-point increase.

* * *

I cannot recommend readers to touch Union Pacific or Steels, as at the present moment too many factors are at work, which make this stock dangerous for the outside speculator.

* * *

Rock Islands is another small priced American Stock that might pay my readers to closely watch. The present price of 23⅝ dollars is very low, which makes the stock look a very safe purchase.

* * *

I was very pleased to receive two or three letters of thanks from readers this week saying that they had again taken my advice regarding Mexican Railway Ordinary, and to those who purchased round about 50 I now advise taking profits, although I look that the stock will go much better and possibly will touch 60 before the dividend is paid next month.

* * *

Among Canadian one of my favourites, as all my readers know, is the Third Preference Stock of the Grand Trunk Railway.

* * *

If readers acted on my advice when I so strongly urged them to buy at 50 they would have some very handsome profits to take now, as the stock has since risen to over 61. As an investment lock-up I still recommend Third Pref., but the stock stands at rather a dangerous price for the speculator.

* * *

Another Canadian Stock that I should very much like my readers to consider as a speculative investment purchase is the Canadian Car and Foundry Common Stock, which is at present quoted at the very low figure of 82 dollars.

* * *

I happen to know that this concern is so full up with orders that they are unable to accept fresh contracts for some months to come. This dividend-paying stock should easily go to par in the next two or three months. Any reader requiring further information with a some Canadian Cars should write to me.

* * *

There has been a good deal of business to the market, and one of the most prominent in Petroleum 10s. shares now up at 20s.

* * *

Readers will remember me recommending Spies at 23s. All who bought at this price I would now secure profits, although the shares of this company worth holding from an investment point of view.

* * *

Premier Pipes keep firm at about 17s., and I market that the shares are to be put better, but much confidence in a big rise, as there are a lot waiting to be disposed of on the market on any movement.

* * *

Business in the Rubber market has been on during the past week, especially among the dividend paying companies, but there is little now from a speculative point of view.

* * *

Anglo Malays have been freely purchased on figures and Linggis have been slightly better.

* * *

Among Newspapers, Amalgamated Press are at 6¼, but George Newnes are 6d. better at 14s. holding as this company is still making good Bowerman's Press 1s. shares can still be bought are most certainly an attractive publishing invest

ORT

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

Chesterton (Middlesex).—I congratulate you upon profit through buying Mexican Railway Ordinary on and selling at £53. You should now buy 100 Erie Com 29 dollars, and also buy two or three hundred of Bowerm shares.

Davidson (Kemp Town).—Rubber Trust are a good lockup. Rubber Estates. Sell your Spies at present price and buy re-action.

Simpson (Ilford).—You can still obtain some Bowerm shares by filling up the application form which appears on of this issue.

Harris (Newcastle).—Hold on to the share you name for think prices are likely to go better, and you will be able without loss.

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THE SCANDAL.

An Episode at a Club.

It was Gray who told us of what Jordan had done.

"Who told you about it?" asked Matheson.

"Gascoigne," said Gray.

"Well, of course, he would know," admitted Matheson, sadly.

"But Jordan, of all people," murmured Haynes, amazedly.

"But whatever made him do it?" asked Shipley, the novelist.

"He might have thought of us before he did it," remarked Lake.

"Gascoigne will talk. . . . We shall never be able to swear him to silence," mentioned Lake.

"The thing is done," said Gray. "The question is: How are we to treat Jordan in the future?"

"He can hardly expect us to be friendly," said Haynes.

"We might expel him," suggested Lake. "He has acted in a way which embarrasses us other members."

"Wait a moment," said Gray. "Let us be strictly fair. Jordan may consider that he has done a meritorious action. He may even be inclined to be cocky about it."

"He may have acted under pressure," said Lake. "The course he took may have been suggested to him—perhaps even by Gascoigne."

"I know what I'd do to anyone who suggested to me that I should do the same thing," breathed Haynes, grimly.

The door opened and Gascoigne, the secretary of the club, put his head in.

"Gray told you the news about Jordan?" he asked. "I was surprised. He had the money in his pocket when I spoke to him."

Gascoigne withdrew.

"Jordan told me he'd sold a story to *Modern Man*," mentioned Shipley slowly. "He wanted to lend me a sovereign. Glad I didn't take it now."

"Jordan's treated us very badly," said Gray. "I shall cut him for the future."

"And so shall I," said Shipley. "But we must all help to hush up the whole affair for our own sakes."

"Jordan's just come in," announced Haynes, from the window. "Before we take any definite action, why not give him a fair trial?"

We agreed to Haynes' suggestion and sat stiffly smoking when Jordan entered the room.

"Jordan, we have heard things," observed Shipley, speaking with judicial gravity. "You have done something which alienates you henceforth from our friendship."

"I know what you're referring to," admitted Jordan. "I suppose that ass Gascoigne told you. I'm sorry, but—but I didn't think you'd look at it like that."

"You should have remembered your moral obligations to your club-mates," said Shipley.

"I—I never thought of that," confessed Jordan. "When Gascoigne heard I had the money he ——"

"He suggested it to you?" asked Lake.

"Well, it wasn't so much suggestion as bullying," said Jordan.

"Besides, it struck me at the time that it would be rather a swagger thing to do."

"What did I tell you?" interposed Gray. "I knew his distorted vanity would have something to do with it."

"There are extenuating circumstances," said Jordan. "Gascoigne heard money rattling in my pocket. That startled him. He got me into a corner. I couldn't escape."

"You have created a precedent," Lake reminded him.

"I am afraid so," admitted Jordan. "If you'll let me order drinks all round ——?"

"We shall be more lenient with you," said Lake.

"Thanks." Jordan pressed the bell. "Yes, I admit my guilt. But it was only for the year before last. Last year and this year are still . . . in abeyance."

"Under the circumstances you're dismissed with a caution," said Lake. "But, in future, remember that it makes it bad for us others—so don't go paying any more subscriptions to the club."

"Quills has had a story accepted at last" remarked a journalist to a colleague.

"Surely not," was the rejoinder.

"Yes, he went home and spun a tale to his wife, and she believed him."

THE KNOWING CADDIE.

The wealthiest man in the world, Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, has been amused by a golf caddie who was acting for the boy whom he regularly employs. In order to have a little fun with the boy, "J. D." asked him how to make a stroke, and the boy was eager to instruct him. As luck would have it, he made a fine drive. Again the boy pointed the way, and Mr. Rockefeller made a clean drive to the green. The caddie turned to the millionaire and said, "Say, mister, if you had my brains and I had your strength what a great team we should make."

* * *

"Yes," said the conscientious dealer; "this hammock will hold two, but it will be a tight squeeze."

"Oh, that will be all right," said the maiden, blushing. "Just send it round to the house, please."

NO. 18 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

Owing to the huge popularity of our Football Competition the staff employed checking the coupons have been unable to complete their work at the time we are obliged to go press. This being so, the result of the No. 18 Competition will be given next week.

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NOW'S THE TIME TO TEST TO THE FULL YOUR FOOTBALL SKILL.

ROUND THE RING.

Boxers and their Doings.

Jack Johnson is reported to be suffering from a grave attack of pneumonia, and is taking a long count at his home in Chicago. It is said that he is in no condition to cope with such a serious attack, and the doctors fear for his chance of recovery. This probably knocks the Johnson-Palzer scrap on the head.

* * *

Bombardier Wells will take on his first opponent in America next Monday, when he hopes to make good against Gunboat Smith in New York. Even the Yanks are putting their little bit on Billy.

* * *

Hughie Mehegan and Joe Hirst were to have met at The Ring to-night, but the Australian wanted the earth—with a few of the other planets thrown in—for his services, so the match fell through. Mehegan sails for home on Friday next.

* * *

Tom McCormick, the Plymouth welter, after his defeat of Arthur Evernden last Monday, appears to have cleaned up the bunch, and is now anxiously awaiting the time "when Johnny comes marching home again."

* * *

A further elimination of the featherweight muddle was decided last week, when Kid Lewis beat Johnny Condon on points in a very decisive manner. Lewis is a good boy and can fight some, but he'll have to go a long way to reach Jim Driscoll's standard.

* * *

Lewis will probably meet Young Brooks in the near future, and such a match would fill any hall in London.

TURF NEWS.

Since writing my notes last week I notice that the Wantage horses have started useful work, so that there is a possibility of our yet seeing one or more of them taking part in the early handicaps; but it does not strike me as being very likely that they will be quite so fit as the clever people who train in this quarter usually send their charges to the post. For that reason I am going to omit taking my original fancy for the Lincoln, Spanish Prince, into consideration, and I shall now stand or fall by Uncle Pat, who, you will no doubt have read, continues to give every satisfaction to those concerned. At the time of writing he stands as favourite for the race, but I do not pretend to know whose money it is that has caused him to occupy that position.

There are various other tips going about for the race, notably Berrilldon, who, we are told, was never better. Be that as it may, he is not good enough to carry anything of mine, neither should I be inclined to trust Ask Papa, even under her light weight. In the first place, we have no evidence that she can get a mile; and the second, being a filly is nothing in her favour. There might possibly be something in the rumour going round that Castleton will as near win as not, as he has a terrific dash of speed, and, moreover, can get the distance; but I should be more inclined to back him over six furlongs. We have nearly three weeks to go yet before the day of the race, so that there is no need to be in a hurry to rush in, and I think the best thing is to act on my advice of last week, and hang on for a bit.

We are promised some capital sport this week, particularly at Cheltenham, where the National Hunt Steeplechase takes place. This is a race for animals that have never won anything either at jumping or on the flat, and it will require more than the average amount of luck to find the winner. Personally I should not attempt it.

My selections for the week are as follows:—

LEICESTER—Monday.
Blaby Handicap Steeplechase: Mask Off.
Open Hurdle Handicap: Greek General.
Melton Maiden Steeplechase: Dalnaspidal.

LEICESTER—Tuesday.
Belgrave Stayers Hurdle Race: Catherine.
Moderate Hurdle Handicap: Powder and Shot.
Spring Handicap Steeplechase: Shanawan.

NATIONAL HUNT MEETING, CHELTENHAM.
Wednesday.
Stayers Selling Hurdle Race: Flying Loris.
Southam Selling Steeplechase: Gold Seal II.
Cheltenham Grand Annual Steeplechase: Disillusion.

Thursday.
National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase: Regent.
County Handicap Hurdle Race: War Dance.
Swindon Selling Steeplechase: Mount Prosperous.

NEWBURY—Friday.
Services Selling Steeplechase: Fast and Free.
United Services Cup: Prefect.
Spring Hurdle Race: Pollen.
Grand National Trial Steeplechase: Black Prince.

NEWBURY—Saturday.
Open Selling Steeplechase: Kolo.
United Services Hurdle Handicap: Bright Park.
Newbury Steeplechase: Marcellinus.
Army and Navy Handicap Steeplechase: Long Hop.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

P. W.—You may have the information overnight so desire.

THE RACING EDITOR WILL WIRE THE BEST THING HE EACH DAY FOR 5s. WEEKLY, OR WILL SEND A SINGLE FOR 1s. SELECTIONS WILL BE WIRED OVERNIGHT FOR THE FIT OF READERS WHO CANNOT DEAL WITH MID-DAY

MONDAY MIDGET

Again to the Front

MONDAY MIDGET. The first issue of this year contained many winners. At time of this paper going to press, Bernstein, Balscadden, Scribo, Dustman, and other winners. We feel confident that followers of the Midget" will have a record season. last issue of 1912 contained a large number of fact, if £10 were invested upon EVERY horse net profit of over £450 would have been made. every Monday afternoon. Price 2/6.

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* * *

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* * *

The best plan is to tie them so that there is really only e loop to the bow; pass the second end through single stead of double, and push the extra length up between ur collar and shirt, when it can be disposed of finally by cking it into your shirt collar.

* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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